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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE ENEMIES OF DR. CHEEVER PURSUING HIM ABROAD.

[The following "Protest" appeared, as an advertisement, in *The London American* of Sept. 26th. It is full of misstatements and calumnies, designed to discredit Dr. Cheever before the British public, to embarrass his movements, to close the hearts and the purses of British Abolitionists against his appeals, and thus defeat the objects for which he went abroad. It was doubtless concocted and issued under the advice of Dr. Thompson and Dr. Bacon of *The Independent*, who may be expected to exert all their influence, privately, to give effect to its partisan misrepresentations. Dr. Cheever will thus be compelled, in self-defence, to unfold before the Christian Abolitionists of Great Britain the whole history of the persecutions visited upon him in consequence of his fidelity in preaching against slavery; and we shall be greatly disappointed if the result is not such as to cover his enemies with confusion.—*Ed. Standard.*]

PROTEST TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: We, the undersigned, members of the Society or Church of the Puritans, in the city of New York, of which Church Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., is Pastor, desire by this method to enter our solemn protest against any and all appeals to the British public for pecuniary aid to sustain the ordinances of the Gospel, in connection with our Church. Permit us to present some of the reasons for this protest:

1. The appeal was first made by a few individuals, without the knowledge of the Church or Society.

To show you that this was not an inadvertence on their part, we will quote from the letter of Dr. Cheever to Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, dated Sept. 1st, 1859, as follows: "From the very urgency of the case, and the greatness of our danger, being not only surrounded by enemies without, but beset by foes within, we could not ourselves take any Church action concerning this appeal; but a few of us, convinced," etc., etc. One of the authors of the appeal, in another public document, uses the following language:

"Our great object in applying to British Churches for aid was to raise a fund, not to support the Church of the Puritans, or any Church as a mere ecclesiastical organization, but to sustain the ministry of Dr. Cheever, free and untrammelled, in this edifice, if possible, if not, then in some other. We had no doubt at the time that a majority of the Church would sanction the proposed appeal, if all the facts of the case were laid before them. But we knew that it would be an exceedingly delicate and difficult task, under existing circumstances, to present those facts to them in the same clear light in which they appeared to us, or in a form which would [illegible] *We were aware that a large and influential minority* would bitterly oppose the measure."

Ours is a Congregational Church; a fundamental principle of our organization is, that all questions of general interest, connected with the Church, shall be acted on by the whole body. The action of the self-constituted committee, inaugurating this appeal, we regard as a usurpation of our rights, and subversive of our principles as a congregational body.

2. We are opposed to this movement, because we understand the authors of this appeal as cherishing the intention to change the character of our organization in another important feature.

They say in a paper put forth to justify the appeal: "We want at least ($50,000) fifty thousand dollars to meet an annual ground rent of ($1,500) fifteen hundred dollars, and place it as near as possible on the foundation of a free church." Again, in another document: "All the principal facts were recorded for the benefit of the British people. The ground rent of ($1,500) fifteen hundred dollars, the ($20,000) twenty thousand dollars required to meet it, the ($50,000 or $100,000) fifty thousand or one hundred thousand dollars desired to establish our noble citadel on the foundation of a free church." The term "free church" is applied in this city to a church supported by voluntary assessments, in distinction from assessments upon pews or sittings in the house. Ours is not a free church, but is supported in the usual way of assessment, according to the laws of the State, and the by-laws of the Ecclesiastical Society, which Society is incorporated, owns the property, and has charge of the temporalities of the congregation through its trustees.

We have no wish to change this basis, in our expensive location, for the uncertain experiment of supporting the Gospel in the way known as a free church. We deny the right of any portion of our members to go before the Christian public and declare their intention to make it such, and we protest against any portion of the Christian world coming forward to help thus to revolutionize our church. In this we express no opinion as to the free church theory, nor as to the desirableness of establishing a free church in our city at this time.

3. We protest against this appeal, because of the strifes and divisions which have already resulted from the movement, and because, if the appeal is persisted in, these strifes and divisions are likely to be continued and aggravated.

In the letter of Dr. Cheever to Mr. Spurgeon, before alluded to, is the following language: "By the entire dismissal of the disaffected party in our Church we are now stronger in the spirit and strength of harmony and unity." Again: "My Church will keep united, and will rally round me in defence of my preaching against slavery." It is true that the fear is also expressed that this harmonious unity would continue only so long as money could be procured to cement it. But the expressions quoted present what we believe to have been the true condition of the Church at that time, to wit, that of its substantial unity. A rumor was afloat during the summer of 1859, that such an appeal had been made. This rumor received its quietus from an article in the New York *Independent*, published in July or August—Dr. Cheever himself being at the time a contributor to the paper, and taking no exception, that we are aware of, to this denial. The harmony of the Church was not interrupted by this rumor, because we believed that our pastor would not suffer the truth to lie hidden from us. But when, in November following, Dr. Cheever's letter to Mr. Spurgeon was made public, a sentiment opposed to the appeal immediately showed itself; and you may judge of our feelings when, at a later period of these developments, we found that Dr. Cheever had given Miss Johnstone a letter of certification to this mission in the February preceding.* And now, while we feel that this is not the fit occasion or method to argue the merits of Miss Johnstone's or any kindred mission in behalf of our Church, we say to you frankly, that it has been, and is now, the cause of much unchristian feeling and dissatisfaction among us, which, in our judgment, cannot be allayed but by removing the cause.

We will refer to one case as illustrating the sad change of feeling among us within one short year. By the by-laws of our Society, two deacons of the Church are appointed to preside at the annual meeting of the Society for the election of trustees, as judges of the qualification of voters, and to certify the result of the election. At our election in March last, two deacons were thus appointed as judges. They declare that in giving certificates of the election they acted in the fear of God, and upon their consciences; yet the grossest charges are brought against these men in their conduct of said election. We quote from the complaint upon which suit was brought, and which is now pending before the Court, as follows: "The said defendants, George H. White, and Wm. H. Smith, and each of them, wrongfully and corruptly, designing and intending to evade the law, and also conspiring together to injure and annoy the plaintiffs, and defraud them of their rights and privileges as trustees duly elected of the said Society, did illegally and fraudulently, and to the great trouble and damage of the plaintiffs, give and grant to the said," etc. These allegations are sworn to and prosecuted, not as true according to information and belief of the plaintiffs, but as true of their own knowledge.

The following is a copy of the affidavit:

City and County of } ss.
New York. }

Henry A. Hartt, Thos. J. Hall and William E. Whiting, all of said city and county, being by me duly and severally sworn, do each depose and say, that they are the plaintiffs in the above entitled action, that they have read the above complaint, that the allegations contained therein are true of their own knowledge, except as to the matters therein stated to be on their information and belief, and as to those matters they believe it to be true.

Signed by
HENRY A. HARTT,
THOS. J. HALL,
WM. E. WHITING.

Sworn before me this 30th day of March, 1860.
Signed, HERBERT BAILEY, Commissioner of Deeds.

It is a remarkable fact that in the whole complaint sworn to as above, there is no single allegation made upon information and belief. This complaint is against men of known Christian character and integrity, who have been also known as true and earnest anti-slavery men for the last twenty-five years. Brethren, we do not cite this case for the purpose of enlisting your sympathies for the parties whom we consider as the injured ones, but to show you how deep this wedge of division has been driven.

4. We oppose this appeal because we are not paupers. We are both able and willing to pay our due proportion of the expenses of our Church and Society; nor are we a whit behind those who claim that they want a free pulpit and a free gospel. This is what we demand, what we have sustained, and what we are willing to pay for. And we believe, moreover, that as a Church and Society we are abundantly able to meet all our legitimate expenses.

5. We protest against this appeal, because it is openly declared that if this anticipated fund be realized, it is not to be committed to the Society, even in trust, nor yet to the Church, but is to be held by a self-constituted and, for aught that appears, a self-perpetuated committee. The following is the language of some of the committee in one of the documents from which we have already quoted: "Nor did we deem it necessary to explain the law in relation to the constitution and powers of the Society, for we had not the remotest idea of placing the funds we might obtain in their hands. We did not even propose to commit it to the charge of the Church."

This declaration is suggestive, when we remember how large are the sums of money which are never applied to the uses for which they were contributed. But we raised this point chiefly to say our home is in this Church; it has been the home of some of us from its first organization; and we are unwilling that any three or five men shall have a fund in their hands, in the use of which they are to determine the destinies of this Church; and we are ready to ask in amazement, is it possible that our brethren across the water are ready to encourage by their contributions such a despotism over us?

6. We are opposed to this appeal, because it is now made a test of anti-slavery by those who favor it. We declare to you that we are greatly misrepresented and calumniated when we are called pro-slavery, because forsooth we are opposed to the British Mission. We declare to you and the whole Christian world that we know of no question deemed of importance by Christian anti-slavery men here or in Great Britain upon which any issue has been raised in our Church—we believe the prosecution of it is directly injurious to the anti-slavery cause among us. Ours is an anti-slavery Church. It is also well known that of late years we have been rent by divisions. Individuals and communities who, by reason of remoteness from us, must of necessity be ignorant of the nature and relations of the questions which disturb our peace, very naturally come to the conclusion that all our troubles must be charged to the score of anti-slavery.

Strangers are ready to believe that we can have no other cause of difficulty, and conclude that the discussion of the question of slavery is only evil in its sowing and in its fruitage. Thus are the friends of the poor discouraged, and their hands made weak, and the foes of Zion rejoice at the spectacle which we make before the world. But while we acknowledge that we have this notoriety, and these inferences are drawn by outsiders, we repeat, that the present quarrel among us, neither in its origin or progress, has any connection with the great question of the right or wrong of slavery. And we take this opportunity to record our belief, that our Church is not a persecuted Church, in any legitimate sense, because of its anti-slavery principles or position.

8. We are opposed to this appeal, because we cannot believe it to be right for a community which does not understand our case, to volunteer to settle, by the arbitration of money, a question which the parties interested have not mutually submitted to such arbitration. Such interference with the internal affairs of a Christian Church we believe to be subversive of our rights as an independent body, and should we tamely submit to it, it might well be questioned whether we were the fit champions of the rights of others. At the same time we say to you, that we will not shun a thorough investigation of our affairs by disinterested parties. We are willing that every fact connected with this sad controversy should be known, and to abide the decision of the Christian world.

Finally, we ask you, Pastors and Churches, in your individual capacity, to make our case your own. Would you, if there were serious difficulties within the limits of your Christian society (no matter what the merits of the difficulties might be) desire an outside community, whether near or remote, to come to you, and, espousing the side of one party, introduce an element among you to give that party the preeminence?

This is contrary to our ideas of the fitness of things, and we believe it to be alike opposed to the law of Christ's house. "But, brethren, we are persuaded better things of you, though we thus speak." We believe that you will look upon our case in the spirit of Christian candor. That you will be unwilling to complicate our difficulties by putting a yoke upon us which we are unwilling to bear. And while we sincerely and gratefully acknowledge and reciprocate the sympathy which you express for us in the great battle of human freedom, may we not believe that the spirit of wisdom from on high will lead you to see and acknowledge the propriety of "non-intervention in the affairs of our individual Church and Society?"

Respectfully and truly yours,

James O. Bennett, T. J. G. Clark, Lucius B. Nutting, J. W. Halsted, Julius Catlin, Jr., W. Horace Smith, Elisha Harris, William Henry Smith, Horace Burr, Edward G. Bartlett, C. R. Harvey, Horace Southmayd, David B. Scott, J. D. Platt, Thomas E. Porter, Alonzo S. Ball, Thomas Rigney, Elial F. Hall, George H. White, C. B. Tompkins, Thomas D. Sherwood, Seth P. Hunt, Thomas Roundey, Jr., E. W. Chester, John J. Hull, N. Chamberlin, Joseph H. Dye, L. De F. Woodruff, D. C. Hall, W. A. Bronson, Benjamin K. Phelps, George F. Chester, Charles Abernethy, John T. Gulick, Samuel Ainsworth, S. D. Bonfils, S. C. Southmayd, M. A. Stevens, Albert Southmayd, James J. Hull, Z. N. Bradbury, John J. Abernethy, Homer Morgan, F. L. de Forest.

New York, August, 1860.

Besides those whose names are subscribed as above, there are others who are known to be opposed to the British Mission, but who are absent from town or otherwise inaccessible.

The female members of the Church also have the privilege of voting in our Church meetings, though their names have not been sought to this document. It is believed that at least one half the members of the Church and Society are opposed to this mission, on the grounds of this protest.

THE NIGGER WIDE AWAKES.—At the Black Republican parade in Boston last week a Club of one hundred and fifty negroes turned out in the procession, with caps, capes, torches, banners, and all the rest of the rail-splitting paraphernalia. We understand that some of the more fastidious of the abolition white folks were so put to the blush by this display of "free wool" as to retire from the ranks in disgust. But of course "Nigger Hill" was in its glory, eclipsing for the time being that *other Hill* over the way, of which the Bostonians are wont to boast so much—one of whom, on being asked the other day in this city the height of the monument, said he "believed it was a little over *four thousand feet*."

Let it not be forgotten that if the Black Republicans are permitted to carry this State in November, "niggers" will be allowed to vote the same as white folks, and then their Wide Awake processions will blacken the streets on all occasions. We will only suggest to the fanatics who profess to believe in the *equality of the races*, that amalgamation and intermarriage will naturally follow, as a legitimate consequence of their absurd doctrines.—*New York Democratic News.*

MORE CONSISTENCY.

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer.

DURING the meeting of the American Board in Boston, Rev. Henry T. Cheever offered resolutions condemnatory of the slave trade. Among those who opposed the introduction of these resolutions were Rev. Dr. Bacon and Rev. Mr. Wolcott. As these gentlemen were foremost in the attempt to force similar resolutions upon the American Tract Society, it is to be presumed that they have either changed their opinions as to the propriety of insisting upon their passage by voluntary societies, or else they think it makes a great difference whether they are presented to a catholic society or to a Congregational body. Be this as it may, it is, at least, plain that if they were honest in refusing admission to the American Board of resolutions touching the slave trade, they had no right to demand that the American Tract Society should entertain anything of the kind.

We have charged the opponents of the Tract Society with being governed by sectarian and factional motives and feelings. If the charge has at any time been deemed severe, it was never *proved* to be more so than now, when we find Dr. Tyng in the Episcopal Convention, and Dr. Bacon and Rev. Mr. Wolcott in the American Board, advocating precisely that course of action which they condemned the Tract Society for pursuing. Certainly there was far more reason for asking the Episcopal diocese, which is a purely ecclesiastical body, and the American Board, which has missions in Africa, to pronounce upon the character of the slave trade, than to ask the Tract Society to perform this questionable duty. Henceforth, the consistency of certain gentlemen may be required in proof of their sincerity. At all events, we expect the public to remember that Drs. Tyng and Bacon, and Mr. Wolcott, are opposed to resolutions about slavery in their own Church bodies.

PROMPTLY PUT DOWN.

From The New York Observer.

PLACE was not given, even for an hour [at the last meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions], to the exciting subject of slavery. It is many years since the Board has been allowed to attend to its appropriate work with so little interruption from this source. An effort was made by a single individual, in two or three different forms, to obtain some action on the subject of the slave trade, but it was promptly put down, and that, too, at the instance of the same persons who, for two or three years past, have sought to introduce the subject into the American Tract Society, when it has met to attend to the business of its anniversaries. We regard this as ominous for good, not only to the American Board, but to our other religious institutions. May they all be permitted to prosecute their work with as little interruption.

JOHN JAY, Esq., made the usual annual and futile effort to force the subject of slavery into the [Diocesan] Convention. The summary manner in which he was disposed of, while it rebuked his folly, was a prompt vindication of the dignity and high conservative and religious character of this body of Christian laymen and clergymen.—*Ibid.*

Selections.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From The Liberator.

A PASSAGE altogether in keeping with the uniformly pro-slavery character of the American Board occurred at its (mock) Jubilee meeting in this city last week. At the opening of the session on the third day of the meeting (Thursday, a.m.), Rev. Henry T. Cheever of Connecticut, seeming to have watched his opportunity, rose the moment the reading of the minutes and notices was completed, before any one else had obtained the floor, and addressed the President, saying that he held in his hand a brief paper of inquiry, in behalf of some of the Churches and ministers who wanted the information, and could get it in no other way, which he would accordingly read.

At this moment, he was interrupted, and declared out of order, by a rule of the body, seldom enforced, which prescribes that all matters for the consideration of the body shall go through the Business Committee.

Choked off from obtaining the ear of the meeting in this manner, Mr. Cheever had recourse with his paper to the Business Committee, and by them it was submitted to the Committee on the Gaboon mission.

When the Committee reported in the evening without noticing the point of inquiry raised by the paper submitted to them, Mr. Cheever immediately rose and offered as an amendment to the matter of their report the following recommendation:

"That the Secretaries be requested to inform this Board in regard to the disposal made of the Memorial to Congress upon the subject of the African slave trade, which was referred to the Prudential Committee at the last meeting in Philadelphia, with instructions to take such action as, in their judgment, its relations to their work, as a Board of Missions, shall seem to demand; and that a Special Committee of three be appointed by the Chair to consider and report to this meeting what further action is necessary on the part of this Board, to vindicate the honor of Christianity, scandalized by the revival of the execrable slave trade as a feeder of slavery."

The speaker was proceeding with a few remarks on this recommendation, but had uttered only a few sentences, when he was again interrupted by Chancellor Walworth, Mr. Hubbard and others, as out of order, and, in deference to them, he was so pronounced by the Chair, who seemed to evince a little hesitancy upon the question.

Mr. Cheever has given our Reporter both what he said and what he was shut off from saying, as follows:

"I see, sir, that some faces gather blackness at such a proposition as this; and I am aware that many are thinking in their hearts, Why will you incontinently mar the general joy of this jubilee, by thrusting in as a firebrand such an inquiry as this? or why, as was said last year at Philadelphia, why come up here fussing upon the foreign slave trade?

"Well, sir, in reply to that, I have it to say, first, that our senior secretary has admitted that the slave trade is legitimately before us as a Board of Missions, and that it constitutes the most formidable obstacle to the evangelization of Africa which we have to encounter, and, in the second place, two of our missionaries, Rev. Messrs. Bushnell and Walker, of the Gaboon mission, have testified that all the missionaries on the coast of Africa from the whole Christian world are not equal in numbers to the slave ships from the port of New York alone, that yearly visit the coast for slaves. That is, sir, one city, the metropolis of Christianized America, furnishes more slave ships to *rob* Africa, than all Christendom furnishes missionaries to *Christianize* it; although I do not forget that it is gravely argued in some quarters that the *slave trade is God's* true missionary agency for evangelizing Africa.

"Here, then, sir, is my reason and my justification for what some will call intruding the slave's black hand and ebony brow into the solemnities of this meeting.

"Sir, it should not have been left to the third day of this meeting, and to a country pastor—and for him only by springing at an opportunity like a panther, and hugging it like a bear—to introduce this immensely important matter to this vast Christian assembly. Surely, sir, it became our sagacious secretary, and those venerable fathers in the Churches, to have presented early a carefully considered paper upon this grave subject, and to have given a voice, loud as the sound of many waters, to the indignant Christianity of the nation against the revival of that piratical traffic, by a Christian people, which used to be the very opprobrium and blot of the powers called infidel.

"Sir, you may remember it as a fact in the history of freedom, that when Thomas Clarkson was riding up to London on horseback with a prize essay in his pocket on the miseries of the African slave trade, the thought suddenly darted into his mind, that if the contents of his essay were true, it was high time that some person should see these calamities to an end; and the thought so impressed and wrought in his mind, like an inspiration from God, as indeed it was, that he fairly trembled under it, and he had to get off his horse, and pray an hour over it under the shadow of a great tree by the roadside. And in that practical wayside thought, then first agitating the mind of the unconscious reformer, began the mighty moral warfare which resulted first in the suppression of the slave trade by Great Britain, and next culminated in the abolition of slavery throughout the British empire—up to that time the noblest triumph of Christianity achieved in our world.

"Sir, it is high time that this great American Board, which the Christian statesman who so long honored that chair before you once pronounced the most potent assembly convened in our world—it is high time that this great American Board should see the calamities of the African slave trade to their end; and we could see them to an end, if we would. There is moral power enough in this assembly, if honestly put forth, to bring the calamities of the African slave trade to a perpetual end, and not that only, but soon to extinguish and bury out of sight forever the responsible *magna parens* of the African slave trade—AMERICAN SLAVERY.

"Sir, let us *now* address ourselves as a Board of Missions to this truly Christian work of the great primal Missionary who came to preach deliverance to the captives; and the future historian of this Board will write—there was a proud significancy in the words, which otherwise, I confess, fall on my ear with the hollow ring of hypocrisy—eighteen hundred and sixty, the GLORIOUS JUBILEE YEAR OF THE AMERICAN BOARD. God forbid, sir, that I should make an unchristian diversion of the holy tide of emotion which has risen so naturally under the review of what God has done through us in the last fifty years, from the lips of those honored fathers who were present at the baptism of the American Board. I only want to keep pace with God's Providence, and to let the gentle footfall and the silent, majestic tread of this Board, which Father Keep has so eloquently touched, go onward *with* God, and not without him. And, therefore, I want the wise men from the East in this Board, and the wise men from the West, calmly to inquire, as set forth in this Resolution, whether any further action be necessary, on the part of this Board, to vindicate the honor of Christianity, now scandalized by the revival of the execrable slave trade, as a feeder to American slavery."

Mr. Cheever's resolution was refused entertainment on the alleged ground that it was *out of order*, although offered in the order that all such matters are before deliberate bodies, when the question was upon the adoption of the Report of the Special Committee upon so much of the Prudential Committee's Annual Report as appertained to the Gaboon mission. But being ruled out of order, and not sustained by any helpers, nothing remained for him but to yield.

The next day, however, Friday, a.m., when the reading of certain resolutions from the Elgin Association of Illinois was called for, in connection with the Report on the Cherokee mission, Mr. Cheever rose to a point of order and to a personal explanation, which, he said, *was always in order*, and reviewed the ruling of the previous day, showing how, under such ruling, it would be impossible for any member of the Board not *on* the Prudential Committee, or not intrusted with something *by* the Prudential Committee, *to be ever so in order as to be able to submit any proposition to the consideration of the Board.*

He was arguing the case in the way of personal explanation, and a new decision on the point of order seemed inevitable, when he was again called to order from an unexpected quarter, on what ground it was not made clear. But being thus interrupted, he was unable again to get the floor, although not without having submitted the resolution of the day before so modified as to read thus:

"Resolved, That a Special Committee of three be appointed by the Chair to consider and report at the next annual meeting of this Board, whether any further action be necessary on the part of this Board to vindicate the honor of Christianity, now scandalized by the revival of the execrable slave trade, as a feeder to American slavery."

Thus ended the last attempt, it is likely, to procure anything in the shape of an anti-slavery pronunciation from the inveterately pro-slavery American Board.

MURDER OF A SLAVE.

From the Petersburg (Va.) Express, Sept. 29.

IT was announced in yesterday's *Express*, by our Clarksville correspondent, that at the late term of the Circuit Court at Mecklenburg County, Charles Hudson was tried for the murder of his slave woman Jane, convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen years. Wood Bouldin, Wood Bouldin, Jr., and Edward R. Chambers, Esqrs., appeared for the prisoner, and Col. Thomas F. Goode for the Commonwealth.

The Tobacco Plant says very truly, that it is one of those cases which thoroughly vindicate Southern character against the aspersions cast upon us by our enemies at the North. It develops what is as true of us as of any other people on the civilized globe, that we utterly detest and abhor cruelty and barbarity, whether to whites or blacks.

The evidence in the case was that on the morning of the 4th of July last, at 8 o'clock, one of the hottest days of the past summer, Hudson stripped the woman naked as when she came into the world, tied her to a persimmon tree, and whipped her for three [illegible] hours, with occasional intermissions of a [illegible] tree was rubbed smooth and greasy by the attrition of the body of the victim. The ground around the tree for seven or eight feet, though it had been freshly ploughed, was trodden hard. One witness testified that he heard distinctly, at the distance of six hundred yards, both the noise of the switches and the screams and entreaties of the woman. The poor creature was buried the same afternoon, only some ten inches beneath the ground, in a rough box, without any shroud. The overseer suggested that the neighbors had better be sent for to see the body before burial, but Hudson dissented. The body was exhumed on Friday, two days afterwards, but was in such a state of decomposition, that the external marks of violence were well nigh obliterated. But the testimony of the physician, who dissected the body, and of several other physicians, who were examined as experts, was distinct and positive that the violence used was sufficient to produce death. It was also in evidence that after the protracted punishment Hudson untied the woman and sent her to the creek, some one hundred and fifty yards distant, to wash herself, accompanied by a negro boy, with instructions to bring her back to him; that she complained of great thirst, and was seen to go down to the water's edge; that she remained there about fifteen minutes; that on her return she stopped two or three times, and complained of having a severe colic; that finally she stopped and could proceed no further, when the negro boy, at the command of his master, took hold of one hand and Hudson of the other, and dragged her towards the tree. The main argument of the defence was based upon the idea that the woman went into the creek, remained there fifteen minutes, and drank to great excess, and that this in all probability brought on a congestion of the vitals, and produced death. Such is an imperfect account of this horrible transaction. The jury hesitated much between a conviction for murder in the first and murder in the second degrees. But finally they agreed and assigned the term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary at eighteen years; the longest term known to the law. Hudson is now sixty-eight years old, and there is scarcely a probability that he can survive his confinement. Indeed he is already exceedingly prostrated.

On Monday morning, the last day of the Court, Judge Gholson pronounced sentence upon him. At the request of the members of the bar he permits us to append his charge to this account. It cannot fail to interest the public at large, and especially our own immediate community. It struck us at the time of its delivery as being most appropriate and striking.

CHARLES HUDSON: You have been regularly tried for the murder of your own slave. You have been defended with great ability, and a jury of your own country have found you guilty of murder in the second degree, and fixed the term of your confinement in the Penitentiary at 18 years. In this verdict this court entirely concurs. I will not go into the details of the shocking deed. You tied and stripped a female, who dared not raise her hand against you—whose only protector in this world you should have been. For three hours did you, in one of the hottest days of the summer, cruelly whip and torture this helpless woman, until, in the language of counsel, "the angel of death delivered her from the hands of her tormentor." You have thus committed a crime against both human and divine law. You have outraged the feelings of the community among whom you lived. You have enabled their enemies to fan the flame of fanaticism, by charging against them the enormity and cruelty of your hard and unfeeling heart, although that community cordially loathe and condemn cruelty towards black or white. But, if your crime has been great, your punishment will be heavy. You are an old man. In all human probability, before eighteen years have expired, you will be dead. The remnant of your days are to be spent within prison walls. The labors of the day will never be followed by the pleasures of home and friends; but night after night, until the last day of your earthly existence, will you be carried to your narrow cell, and hear, as the prison house keeper departs, the harsh grating of the heavy key that keeps safe the door of your dungeon. From man you have nothing to expect. Your doom is fixed. A murderer, you are now a convict and prisoner for life. And your sentence is just—nay, merciful. Nor is there hope for you beyond the grave, unless you truly and deeply repent. If you will sincerely repent yourself of this horrible deed and your other sins—if you will bow your head to this deserved punishment, and pray Almighty God to pardon your sins, and soften and regenerate your heart, there is hope. Yes—if your repentance is sincere, it is certain that God will pardon you—for rest assured that the same power which translated the criminal from the cross to heaven, can and will save alike the penitent convict. Desolate and dreary beyond description is your present condition. With a hard and unfeeling heart, human blood resting upon your head, and your limbs fettered with a felon's chains, whenever weary and tired you may ask, "When shall I be free?" this verdict of 18 years will answer, "Never—never." Then I trust you will, with deep humility and sincere repentance, feel and confess your crime and sins, and that this sentence may be the means of saving your soul.

AFFECTING SCENE.—The conviction and sentence to imprisonment for 18 years of Charles Hudson, an old farmer in Mecklenburg County, Va., for murder, has been noticed. A correspondent of *The Petersburg Express*, writing from Richmond, says:

A very affecting scene occurred at the Penitentiary last Saturday, many of the guard and other officers being moved even to tears. It was occasioned by the arrival of Charles Hudson, who is aged now nearly three score and ten. He was recently convicted for the murder of his slave before the Circuit Court of Mecklenburg County, and sentenced to the State Prison for 18 years. Upon his arrival before the main gate, he trembled like an aspen leaf, and exclaimed, "Great God! sustain and help me in this trying hour!" As he passed through the gate he looked back and ejaculated, "Farewell, vain world! Oh! that I was blessed with forgetfulness! Lord, be merciful to me, a great sinner!"

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION IN RELATION TO COLORED VOTERS IN NEW YORK STATE.

UNDER the provisions of the first Constitution of the State of New York, which was adopted on the 20th of April, 1777, during the first year of the Revolutionary war—that Constitution having embodied as part and parcel thereof the Declaration of Independence passed at Philadelphia by Congress—*all* male inhabitants, without restriction of color or place of birth, who were then inhabitants of this State, and paid rent to the value of forty shillings ($5), were made voters for Assembly men; and freeholders to the amount of one hundred pounds ($250), voted for members of the Senate, and continued to vote on the same basis until the adoption of the Amended Constitution of 1821, when the property qualification was removed from white voters, but retained in regard to colored voters.

The present Constitution of the State of New York was framed and adopted in 1846. "Art. II. Sec. 1. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for ten days, and an inhabitant of this State one year next preceding any election, and for the last four months a resident of the county where he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere, for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elective by the people." It provides, further, that no man of color shall have a right to vote unless possessed of $250 worth of real estate, and shall have been three years a citizen of the State, and one year resident in the district in which he claims a vote.

In accordance with the provision of the Constitution for its own amendment, the last Legislature have provided that the inspectors at each poll, at the election for Governor, to be held on the 6th of November, 1860, shall provide a box to receive the ballots of citizens in relation to the proposed Amendment for restoring the equal right of suffrage to the colored people, and that the ballot shall be in one of the following forms: "*For the proposed Amendment in relation to suffrage*," or "*Against the proposed Amendment in relation to suffrage*," and shall be so folded as to conceal the contents, and shall be indorsed on the outside as follows: "Proposed Amendment in relation to Suffrage." If a majority of these ballots be cast "for the proposed amendment in relation to suffrage," then the right to vote on an equal basis with other citizens will be restored to the colored citizens of New York; the Empire State will become a free State indeed—free, like Maine, and New Hampshire, and Vermont, and Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

Fellow-citizens: We have had, and still have, great wrongs of which to complain. A heavy and cruel hand has been laid upon us. As a people, we feel us. They are strangers to our characters, ignorant of our capacity, oblivious of our history and progress, and are misinformed as to the principles and ideas that control and guide us as a people. The great mass of American citizens estimate us as being a characterless and purposeless people; and hence we hold up our heads, if at all, against the withering influence of a nation's scorn and contempt.

It will not be surprising that we are so misunderstood and misused, when the motives for misrepresenting and for degrading us are duly considered. Indeed, it will seem strange, upon such consideration, and in view of the ten thousand channels through which malign feelings find utterance and influence, that we have not fallen even lower in public estimation than we have done; for, with the exception of the Jews, under the whole heavens there is not to be found a people pursued with a more relentless prejudice and persecution than are the free colored people of the United States.

What stone has been left unturned to degrade us? What hand has refused to fan the flame of popular prejudice against us? What American artist has not caricatured us? What wit has not laughed at us in our wretchedness. What songster has not made merry over our depressed spirits? What press has not ridiculed and condemned us? *Few, few*, very few; and that we have borne up with it all—that we have tried to be wise, though pronounced by all to be fools—that we have tried to be upright, when all around us have esteemed us to be knaves—that we have striven to be gentlemen, although all around us have been teaching us its impossibility—that we have remained here, when all our neighbors have advised us to leave, proves that we possess qualities of head and heart, such as cannot but be commended by impartial men.

It is believed that no other nation on the globe could have made more progress in the midst of such an universal and stringent disparagement. It would humble the proudest, crush the energies of the strongest, and retard the progress of the swiftest.

In view of our circumstances, we can, without boasting, thank God and take courage, having placed ourselves where we may fairly challenge comparison with more highly favored men.

During thirty-three years, colored children, especially in the large cities, have attended public schools. In 1856, according to the Report of the Superintendent of Schools in the City of New York, the average attendance of white children at the Common Schools was 1 in 3.40; the average attendance of colored children at the Common Schools was 1 in 2.60; that is, twenty-five per cent. more colored than white children, in proportion to the relative population, attended Common Schools. And New York city contains one-third of the entire colored population of the State.

The colored people have not only taken good care of themselves in this State, notwithstanding the prejudice of color which limits their sphere of occupation, by amassing real and personal estate of large amount; but they are no greater, if so great, a burden to the State in almshouses and prisons than other classes of citizens. In New York city, for example, it is ascertained that they own real and personal estate to the value of nearly four millions of dollars; and the following, from the Report for 1859 of the Governors of the Almshouses, shows the relative proportions of colored and white paupers and criminals. And it should be taken into consideration that, from their lack of political influence, colored persons committing any, even the slightest, misdemeanors, are arrested; while it is notorious that the whites, who all vote, enjoy a comparative immunity from arrest, and even from punishment for crime.

	White.	Colored.
Children at Randall's Island	1,142	—
Almshouse Department	1,779	—
Bellevue Hospital	1,033	—
Lunatic Asylum	626	15
Outdoor Children receiving money aid	7,785	117
" Adults " " "	4,949	127
" " " coal aid	44,663	1,244
Inmates of Workhouse	5,960	—
Colored Orphan Asylum	—	160
Colored Home	—	323
Total poor	67,998	2,006
Inmates of Penitentiary in all 1859	2,079	165
Inmates of City Prisons	41,036	971
	111,113	3,142

Principles of justice to the individuals who compose the State, and thereby of justice to the State itself, require that the basis of voting should be equal to all. No one class can be depressed and made unequal without injury to the other classes and to the whole State. And are not these patriotic, industrious, provident, exemplary citizens, deserving equal rights at the ballot box?

Is it not a shame for our State, that in 1777, when it was perilous to life to be a citizen of New York, she made colored men citizens, and that afterwards, in 1821, when it was safe and honorable to be a citizen, she disfranchised her colored citizens? Let us entreat you, remove this reproach from the fair fame of our noble State.

Gratitude is one of the virtues which the veriest hater of the colored man has never denied him; and this sentiment will never be called into such full exercise as when the last shackle, the last emblem of degradation, shall be removed from the man of color.

"Oh, yield him back his privilege! No sea
Swells like the bosom of a man set free!"

We respectfully request you, voters of the State of New York, irrespective of party, that you will give your attention to the proposed Amendment to the Constitution. The question is one not of party, but of humanity and right. We appeal with equal confidence to Democrats and Republicans. We feel assured that if you will examine the question in the light of reason and justice and Christianity, you will not hesitate to vote for the proposed Amendment in relation to the suffrage.

Respectfully submitted by the New York City and County Suffrage Committee of colored citizens.

JAMES M'CUNE SMITH, Chairman.
JAMES P. MILLER, } Secretaries.
JOHN J. ZUILLE, }

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

IN an address before the National Association for the promotion of Social Science, delivered at Glasgow on the 24th ult., Lord Brougham gave the following view of the African slave trade and the abolition of slavery in the States:

While the holding certain opinions, and acting upon certain principles, more or less mixed with personal or party feelings, give these opinions and principles a weight in the public estimation greater than their intrinsic importance would have possessed, they were all, without any exception, of such a description that they lent themselves to the policy of conflicting parties. But, in the course of time and the improvement of men's views touching their real interests, their attention was turned to opinions and principles among the most important of all, but on which the leaders of particular classes could not fasten so as to appropriate them, because they so plainly concerned the whole community, or were of such unquestionable soundness and truth that no dispute could arise respecting them, any diversity of views being necessarily confined to points of detail, and, consequently, they were placed beyond the field of party conflict. The duty and the expediency of philanthropic policy in one sense comprises all the subjects belonging to this class; but even in a more restricted acceptation it embraces some of the most remarkable. One characteristic of these opinions has just been noted—their not lending themselves to party controversy; another and equally striking is, their being held by those who had no special interest in them. Their professors might be benefited with the rest of the community, but in any other respect were entirely disinterested. Indeed, some principles were unconnected with any benefit even to the community at large, and might involve a sacrifice of its interest to the higher feelings of duty. The subject belonging to this class, the earliest in date, is also the one that most truly falls within this description of having originated in just and pure principles, in those of justice and humanity—the extinction of slavery and the abolition of the traffic in slaves. For the first time statesmen and orators were seen directing their exertions to a subject which no party in the State could turn to its account, upon which all men were agreed as to the merits of the question, and could only differ regarding the time and manner of its solution. The subject was first urged upon the attention of the legislature by men who belonged not to its body, and whose opinions differed from those of the government; and it was welcomed by members of Parliament firmly attached to the ministry—nor even during the half century over which the his[illegible] the conflicts [illegible] the men engaged in them were on all other questions the most lavishly praised and the most unsparingly assailed. This felicity of the great question has not attended it in the New World; slavery is not merely a ground of party division, but it is the great and paramount, nay, almost the only ground both of conflict between parties in each State of the Union and of the differences between the States themselves. The great question of the election of President (now approaching) turns entirely upon the principles professed by the candidates respecting slavery; and this question involves all other disputes, inasmuch as, to the unspeakable misfortune of that great community, the appointment of all public functionaries, from the highest to the humblest, depends upon the election of the chief magistrate, and all may be removed on their party being defeated at that election. As regards the subject itself, the issue of the contest is most important, for the question is whether slavery should be perpetuated and extended by adopting the principle that the institution is national and universal, or limited by regarding it as local only, and authorized by the law of the particular districts. The revival of the African slave trade is by no means an impossible result from a victory of the Southern States, where it has been not very faintly announced, and the struggle which they so vehemently maintain with the North may even bring about the disruption of the Union, one of the greatest calamities that could happen to America and to the world—to America, as ending, if it did not begin, in civil war; to the world, as shaking the credit of all popular government. Another calamity is far from unlikely to be caused by the conflict—the liberation of the slaves by insurrection—a consummation to be earnestly deprecated as much for themselves as for their masters. When Dr. Johnson astonished the friends of Church and king at Oxford, by proposing as a toast, "A speedy revolt of the slaves in Jamaica, and success to them," he had not lived to witness the dreadful consequences to the unhappy victims of our sordid oppression, in the misery, far worse even than oppression, brought upon them by the insurrection which shook it off in the French islands. We might feel little compassion for the masters, the supporters of what they term "the institution," and might ask them to show how the King of Dahomey should not plead the immemorial custom of his country, requiring the slaughter of hundreds, that he might float his canoe on human blood, as the appointed tribute of filial affection at his father's funeral. But those masters are not the only parties to be considered when there is a question of slave insurrection; and we must contemplate with horror the fate of the negroes from the worst of ills, civil war in its worst form, civil war in the slave States; and must regard as bereft of all claim to be ranked among men whoever could, from party zeal or perverse views of personal advantage, lend himself to measures by bare possibility leading to such hideous scenes.

An outlaw without kin or home, is he—
Unfit for public rule or private care—
The wretch who can delight in civil war,
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind destroy.
Iliad, ix., 63.

But let us devoutly hope that no such fate impends over our kinsmen in the New World—that their scheme of social polity will remain a blessing to all classes, master and slave, while the freedom of the one will be peaceably obtained by the gradual improvement in the habits and feelings of the other; and that, meanwhile, the retrograde movement may no longer be threatened by a portentous combination fatal to the morals of the community, as well as to the happiness of its members—a combination of corruption in its grosser form, with the most unscrupulous and most profligate patronage of slavery and the slave trade.

BARBARISM IN TEXAS.

AN ILLINOISIAN WHIPPED TO DEATH—A GERMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN DEMOCRATIC TEXAS.

Correspondence of the Chicago Press and Tribune.

LE ROY, McLean County, Ill., Sept. 18, 1860.

I AM induced by a friend to send you the following account of my recent experience in the Democratic State of Texas. I am a German, and emigrated to this country nearly fourteen years ago. I was naturalized in Texas in 1856. Something over two years ago, I settled at Henderson, Rusk County, Texas, and established myself in the merchant tailoring business. During my residence there, I always behaved myself as a good citizen, and was diligent and attentive to my business. Feeling it to be to my interest to keep on good terms with the people, I was particularly careful not to say anything to any one against slavery. I never uttered one solitary word to any human being while there against the prevailing opinion. I was frequently talked to about slavery, and when pushed about the matter, as I often was, I always evaded the subject in the best way I could,

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* The following is from Cheever's letter referred to:

"NEW YORK, February 25th, 1859.

"I hereby certify * * * Miss Johnstone visits Great Britain on a mission connected with the interests of this Church."

Dr. Hartt, one of the authors of the appeal, also certified as follows:

"March 1st, 1859.

"Miss Johnstone has undertaken to visit Great Britain, for the purpose of procuring funds for the benefit of the Church of the Puritans in this city.
(Signed,) "HENRY A. HARTT," M. D.

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The first intimation which I ever received that I was in any way obnoxious to the people, originated in this way. A young man from Illinois, by the name of Evans, came to Henderson, and while there was incautious enough to say that he thought free States preferable to slave States, and that he thought slavery was wrong. These statements, so far as I heard them, he made in the mildest manner, and that only when pressed into the subject by the young men about town. I am satisfied that he never said or thought of saying anything except when conversation on the subject was forced upon him.

I had but a slight acquaintance with the young man, but I told him that he ought not to allow himself to be dragged into talking on the topic. But he was not careful. In December last this young man was taken out by a mob, *without any trial of any kind, and whipped to death. The Henderson New Era*, a paper published in Henderson, justified the infamous murder on the ground that Evans was a common thief, an Abolitionist, etc. I was shown the whip which I was informed had been the instrument of his death. It was covered with blood. I also saw what I was informed was the dead body of Eavns, about three-quarters of a mile from town. It was so decayed and swollen that I did not recognize it. *The hogs and buzzards were eating it. It had never been buried!* This was the first occasion upon which I was even incautious. I had no tie binding me to Evans more than to any other human being whom I might casually meet, but I felt so utterly indignant that I boldly and recklessly denounced mob law, and at the same time said that Evans had been a fool for not keeping his mouth closed on the subject of slavery.

I soon learned that I had offended the secret demon of mob law. I might well have known it. Seeing that they would soon be upon me, I armed myself for a desperate resistance. On the morning of the 9th January, between one and two o'clock, the mob came to murder me. They sent six men to my shop to take me out, but, finding me wide awake and fully armed, they skulked away. In the morning, when I went out of my door, I found a rope which, in their flight, the cowards had dropped, with which, I suppose, I was to have been tied. During the day, I denounced the dastardly attempt in vehement language publicly on the street, and defied them to prove that I had ever uttered opinions unfriendly to slavery. A committee of five was appointed, before which I appeared, armed with a dagger, and fortified with the purpose to sell my life dearly if they should attempt any violence. On the trial they proved nothing at all. The following are copies of the committee's "two reports:"

"In the case of F. Anthor, referred to the undersigned committee, under charge of uttering abolition sentiments, we report that the evidence submitted to us is not sufficient to authorize us in regarding him as dangerous to our interest as a slaveholding community.

"J. M. DOBSON, A. J. SMITH.
"ERASMUS REDWINE, B. T. McDONOUGH.
"*January* 9, 1860."

"I, Thomas M. Yates, one of the committee chosen by F. Anthor, *dissent* with the majority, and ask for the said Anthor to leave within three days, *agreeable* to his own offer.
"THOMAS M. YATES."

I had hoped that after the report was made I should be let alone. The men who made this first report were among the first men of the community, and would doubtless have been glad to have seen me protected. But they were powerless. You may judge of Mr. Yates by the fact that, when in Kentucky, he was foreman of the Jury which acquitted Mat. Ward for killing young Butler in Louisville. After the trial, I had intimations that I could rely on that, although acquitted by the committee, the mob was not done with me. My life being no longer safe, I gave it to be understood that I would leave and go to Cuba. I am satisfied that if I had given it out that I would go North, I never would have got away at all.

In order that your readers may have a true insight into my condition, I will give one more scene which was to me full of anxious and thrilling interest. On the night of the 15th of January, 1860, a company of scoundrels, the leading men of which were from Marshall, Texas, held a conference in Henderson, in an old house which had been a law office, at which also a good many planters, living near Henderson, were present. The meeting was held at midnight. Getting wind of the matter, and being satisfied that they had met to consider my case, I determined, if possible, to learn their purpose. I went to the building, crawled under it, and overheard everything. I will not take up space in your columns by retailing all the infamous plans which only cowards could meditate. They paid me some very pretty compliments. They said I was an intelligent, bold, reckless man, and might kill some good citizen, and for this reason I should leave. Not one of them said I had uttered [illegible] I should go to Cuba. Some of them said that I ought never to be permitted to leave the country, for I would go North, and do just what I am now doing; that is, to publish their villany to the world. *Then came a cool, deliberate proposition to assassinate me.* To carry out this design it was proposed to raise $1,500, to which one of them, a man worth $60,000, proposed to add $1,000, making in all $2,500. On the night of the 16th I discovered at my door the man, Murphy, who was the chosen murderer, armed with a Sharp's rifle. This was after midnight, between 2 and 3 o'clock. Supposing he intended to shoot me through the window, I got out of bed and, with a loaded pistol in my teeth, crawled on my hands and feet to the window with a determination to meet the scoundrel, but he discovered me and fled. On the 18th of January I left in as private a way as I could. By being driven off in this cowardly manner I have sustained heavy losses. This is a plain, unvarnished relation of deeds, the infamy of which needs no comment.

A Deputy Marshal of the United States resided in Henderson. I applied to him for protection, and he told me he could do nothing. This is the protection afforded in a free country to an injured citizen by a Democratic Administration. FREDERICK ANTHOR.

THE OTTAWA RESCUERS.

From the Chicago Congregational Herald, Oct. 11.

SENTENCE was pronounced last week on the three men who were convicted last spring of the "crime" of helping a fugitive slave to his freedom. John Hossack was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, and fined $100. This sentence carries with it the costs of the prosecution, which are said to be about $591. Dr. Stout was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, and fined $50; his costs are $802.21. C. B. King's sentence was one day's imprisonment, and $10 fine. What costs he may have to pay we know not.

Mr. Hossack, when asked by Judge Drummond if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, delivered an able speech, arguing, with what in any land where slavery does not exist would be considered perfect demonstration, that the Fugitive Slave law is a violation of the rights of man, contrary to our Constitution and opposed to the law of God. We quote the close of his noble speech:

> "A single remark, and I am done. From the testimony, part of which is false, and from your reading and interpretation of the law, the Jury have found me guilty; yes, guilty of carrying out the great principles of the Declaration of Independence; yes, guilty of carrying out the still greater principles of the Son of God. Great God! can these things be? Can it be possible? What country is this? Can it be that I live in a land boasting of freedom, of morality, of Christianity? How long, oh! how long shall the people bow down and worship this great image set up in this nation? Yes, the Jury say guilty, but recommend me to the mercy of the Court. Mercy, sir, is kindness to the guilty. I am guilty of no crime; I, therefore, ask for no mercy. No, sir, I ask for no mercy; I ask for justice. Mercy is what I ask of my God. Justice in the Courts of my adopted country is all I ask. It is the inhuman and infamous law that is wrong, not me.
>
> "My feelings are at my home. My wife and my children are dear to my heart; but, sir, I have counted the cost. I am ready to die, if need be, for the oppressed of my race; but slavery must die, and when my country shall have passed through the terrible conflict which the destruction of slavery must cost, and when the history of the great struggle shall be candidly written, the rescuers of Jim Gray will be considered as having done honor to God, to humanity, and to themselves.
>
> "I am told there is no appeal from this Court; yet I do appeal to the Court of High Heaven, where Judge Drummond and Judge Caton, the rescuer and the rescued, shall all have to stand at the judgment seat of the Most High.
>
> "I have, sir, endeavored to obey the divine law and all the laws of my country that do not conflict with the laws of my God. My humble wish is that it may then appear that I have done my duty; all I wish to be written on my tombstone is, 'He feared God and loved his fellow men.'"

Mr. Hossack and Dr. Stout are now lying in Cook County Jail, and will be kept there, not only for ten days, but until their fines and costs are paid. Mr. Hossack has some property, but a large family to provide for. Dr. Stout is, we learn, entirely unable to meet these unjust demands, and has also a family. The friends of liberty must contribute for their relief. Mr. Hossack has written from the jail a letter to the citizens of this county, protesting against the use of our jail by the Federal authorities for the imprisonment of innocent men. The letter is manly and timely. Something should be done to prevent this abuse. If the Federal government will persist in the imprisonment of some of the best men in the nation, it ought at least to be compelled to provide its own prisons.

How will this case look on the page of history? Jim Gray left Missouri because he did not want to work for nothing. He was under no obligation to work for nothing, unless the fact that he had been robbed of his wages all his life, and his mother before him, gave Phillips a right to rob him longer. He escaped, and was unjustly arrested in his own State for no other offence than this. Messrs. Hossack, Stout and King, from no selfish consideration, but feeling and acting toward Jim as every man would like to have them feel and act toward himself, his son or his brother, helped him to escape from the custody of the officer and to go where he could obtain wages. For this deed of common humanity they were indicted as criminals, and dragged away from their homes for a trial. The robber of poor Jim's wages and others were brought on for witnesses. Though illiterate, rough, vulgar men, they were treated as gentlemen; they were kept at a costly hotel, regardless of expense, and their bills have all now been paid by the victims as part of the costs of the prosecution. And now these good men are condemned to lie in jail till they have paid the uttermost farthing. The vilest of criminals are in that same prison. Vile men and viler women, thieves and murderers are there. *They* are boarded at the public expense. They have some hope of deliverance. The Court will sit and they may have a trial. If the jury do not clear them as they did the guilty Busch and the infamous Jumpertz, they will at least be provided for at the public expense. But our conscientious friends must pay the costs of their trial and must pay their own board while in prison. As Dr. Stout is unable to do this, he must, for aught we see, remain in prison for the rest of his life unless his friends redeem him!

"Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

DONATIONS.

IN accordance with our usual custom at this season we make an appeal to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the payment of pledges made during the year, or for any donations they may now be disposed to contribute to its funds. Letters may be addressed to Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEETING.

CONTRARY to expectation and announcement, William Lloyd Garrison will *not* be at the State meeting to be held at Kennett Square, on Thursday and Friday next. Impaired health and the veto of his physician make it impossible. But other distinguished speakers have been invited in his stead, and it is confidently expected one or more of them will be present. It is very certain that the meeting will not fail of interest either from want of animating topics, or competent speakers to discuss them.

By order of the Executive Committee.
J. M. McKIM, Cor. Sec'y.

Persons going from Philadelphia will take the cars at the dépôt, corner of 31st and Market streets, West Philadelphia, at 7.45 o'clock, a.m., and 5 o'clock, p.m. Access to the dépôt by horse cars on Market street; the last car leaving the foot of Market street at 7¼ o'clock, and 4¼ o'clock.

Board and lodging at moderate rates can be had at the hotel of the village, and also, if previously engaged, at private houses. Application to be made therefor to Sarah Pugh, 1014 Green street, or J. M. McKim, Anti-Slavery Office.

MEETING OF "THE AMERICAN BOARD."

WE referred, in THE STANDARD of last week, to a recent conspicuous instance of the thoroughness with which the Episcopal Church of this country gives itself to the support of slavery. We have now to speak of a great and powerful combination of Churches, in which other great divisions of the class self-styled "Evangelical" unite with the Episcopa- [illegible] abandonment of the first practise. This was again made manifest at the recent annual meeting, in Boston, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

This Board has, for forty-three years past, maintained a mission among the Cherokee Indians. Their missionaries found these barbarous people addicted to various vices; to that of slaveholding, among others. In connection with, and subsidiary to, their *great* object (of saving souls from hell), they energetically opposed some of those vices, openly preaching against them, laboring in various ways to destroy them, and giving the best evidence of their sincerity in that attempt by refusing church-membership to those who openly practised them. But they not only made no attack upon the popular sin of slaveholding, not only made no direct efforts to discourage it, but treated it as a thing entirely indifferent, receiving as worthy church-members, and thus openly recognizing as Christians, those who most openly and grossly practised it.

If these missionaries had been true Christians, and faithful teachers of Christianity, they would, of course, have opposed a vice so gross and so pernicious as slaveholding, without particular instructions to that effect from their employers. But, since the Prudential Committee of the Board knew this to be one of the "besetting sins," one of the most prevalent and dangerous vices of these Indians (as of the white people around them, whose manners and customs they were imitating), it was clearly their duty—both as a means of insuring a thorough preaching of the Gospel by their missionaries, and as a help in one of the most difficult and trying parts of the duty of those missionaries—to give them special and emphatic charge upon this point.

The Prudential Committee utterly disregarded this duty. They gave no directions to their missionaries to oppose, or even to discountenance, slavery. When those missionaries gave their full official license to the practice of that sin, by freely admitting its perpetrators to their Churches, the Committee still kept silence from year to year. When remonstrances against the sin of both parties began to appear from a few obscure members of the Board, the Committee passed them by as unworthy of attention. When the number of these remonstrances increased so that they could no longer be contemptuously ignored, the Prudential Committee vindicated the missionaries as faithful, and indorsed their policy as wise. When an exposure of this guilt by the Abolitionists had opened the eyes of a still larger number of the Board, the Committee, last year, abruptly discontinued the neighboring Choctaw mission, alleging, as their reason for this, not slavery, but "the difficulties," "the embarrassments," connected with the missionary work there; and their officials and apologists deceitfully represented this as a cessation of the connection of the Board with slavery, Henry Ward Beecher going so far as to say, "the Board *now* stands upon a Christian basis"—"the Board has at last reached a ground of the most positive and substantive anti-slavery truth." And now, in 1860, at the annual meeting just past, the Prudential Committee have announced the equally abrupt discontinuance of the slaveholding Cherokee mission, expressly declaring, however, that this discontinuance has not been made, in any manner or degree, on account of slavery, but because, the Cherokees having now become "a Christian people," the primary object of the Board in laboring among them is accomplished.

The first, and principal, reason given by the Prudential Committee for this discontinuance of the Cherokee mission is this, recorded in italics on the thirteenth page of the "Abstract of the Annual Report" (printed for the use of the Board at their annual meeting), which now lies before us.

"1. *The Cherokees are a Christian people.*"

Looking aside for a moment from the fact that the people thus assumed to be Christian are a slaveholding people, let us notice some details of their moral and religious state furnished by the "Abstract" above mentioned, and by the Annual Report of last year, and see the sort, and the amount, of evidence which the Prudential Committee think sufficient to authorize the application of the term Christian.

The Cherokee mission has been in operation forty-three years, and has employed 113 missionaries, at an expense of $356,000. The existing result of this expenditure of time, men and money, is as follows:

1. Viewing the four Cherokee stations *numerically*. The "Abstract" says:

> "The proportion of the people now reached by our ministrations is comparatively small. The audience at Park Hill is not far from forty; that at Fairfield (a monthly meeting) is sixty; at Dwight it is from sixty to one hundred; and at Lee's Creek, seventy-five." Giving two hundred and fifty-five as the present number of attendants on religious worship at the Cherokee mission churches, in a nation numbering 21,000! The "Abstract" further says that these four mission stations have "very few young persons connected with their Churches"—that their membership "has not materially increased for many years"—and that there is "scarcely any promise of future accessions."

Last year's Annual Report (1859) gives these two corroborative statements, one respecting the mission at large, and another respecting an individual station:

> "The past year cannot be regarded as one of special prosperity. The additions to the number of communicants are only seven; so that, taking into account the annual loss by death or otherwise, the Churches have received no accession to their strength."—P. 147.
>
> "In speaking of his Church, one year ago, Mr. Torrey stated, that of twelve colored members, none resided within eight miles of him; and that of thirty-one Indian members, only fourteen lived within six miles of him—the rest being entirely, or almost entirely, beyond his reach. The average attendance of the communicants at Fairfield is only four or five. It was not till a few weeks since that he could report the first direct, tangible, satisfactory case of conversion, connected with his labors."—P. 149.

So much for the number of the mission-made Cherokee Christians. Let us next look at their quality.

2. As to the *sort* of Christianization effected at these mission stations. The "Abstract" tells us that

> "The people, as a body, give the common proofs of being a Christian people. However low may be the standard of their Christianity, it is their only religion."—P. 14.
>
> "Mr. Torrey says—Christianity is recognized among them, as much as in any portion of the United States. Their constitution provides that no person who denies the being of a God, or a future state of reward and punishment, shall hold any office in the civil department of this nation. Mr. Ranney says—The nation, as such, I presume, would claim to be called a Christian nation."—Ib.
>
> "Mr. Willey bears a similar testimony. I think, he says, that the Cherokees, as a nation, may justly be called a nominally Christian nation."—Ib.

3. As to the amount of Christian energy and zeal shown by the church-members. The "Abstract" says:

> "The missionaries all preach through interpreters. If it were possible, as it is not, to procure native pastors for the small churches at each of these places, *the people could not be induced to support them.*"—P. 16.
>
> "They are able to give but little at the best, and they think themselves less able than they really are. Their idea of public money is money paid to them, for their benefit; *not by them, for the public good.*"—Ib.

It is on this testimony, and such as this, that the Prudential Committee of the American Board declare the nation of 21,000 Cherokees to be "a Christian people"! On such testimony, the Reverend Committee to whom this portion of the Report was referred for investigation, reported that it should be accepted! And on such testimony the Members of the Board, without a dissenting voice, voted to accept it.

Surely, the grade of Christianity thus described is not of a very high order! Even putting aside the fact that the nation thus assumed to be Christianized has, through the whole of the process, been enlarging the extent of its slaveholding—is the amount of religion thus gained, considering its *quality*, worth $365,000? Is it worth forty-three years of labor? Is it worth one hundred and thirteen missionaries—even *such* missionaries?

But we cannot afford to put the sin of slaveholding aside from the consideration of this question. It is monstrous to claim that a man or a nation is Christian, apart from the allowed, accustomed, determined and persistent practice of the worst of sins—the sum of all villanies! It is a contradiction in terms—a [illegible] Of such pretences as the one in question it may fairly be said—"Tell that to the marines! The sailors won't believe it!" The Prudential Committee, and the clergy throughout the land, who follow their lead, are nevertheless seriously making this absurd pretence before the church-members. We shall see how long even they will continue to believe it.

Meantime, it is instructive to note that the Board which unanimously accepted this Report (including Dr. Bacon of *The Independent*, who took a prominent part in the proceedings), with equal unanimity re-elected the whole pro-slavery list of officers, placing Dr. Southside Adams, as usual, on the Prudential Committee.

We place in another column, from *The Liberator*, a record of the attempt made by Rev. Henry T. Cheever to induce the Board to take some action in opposition to the foreign slave trade, and a report of the speech which he would have made, had not the officers of the Board, with one accord, stopped his mouth at the very beginning.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—Parker Pillsbury lately visited Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, the residence of Joshua R. Giddings, and delivered a lecture on slavery. Mr. Giddings being present, an amicable discussion took place between him and Mr. Pillsbury, awakening much interest among the people. Mr. Pillsbury criticized the Republican party with his wonted fidelity, and Mr. Giddings defended it as well as he could. Three days later, Mr. Pillsbury being again in Jefferson, another meeting was extemporized, much larger than the first. The Superior Court was in session, with four judges on the bench, and a pressure of business that compelled them to hold evening sessions. When they found that Mr. Pillsbury was to speak at the Town Hall in the evening, the Judges adjourned the Court and went almost in a body to hear the lecture; and, on finding the Town Hall too small to accomodate the audience, they proposed going to the Court House which they had just left. The change of place occupied but a few minutes, and Mr. Pillsbury had a crowded audience, embracing judges, lawyers, jurors and eminent citizens from other parts of the County. Mr. Giddings was again present, and the discussion between him and Mr. Pillsbury as to the principles and professions of the Republican party did not close till near midnight. One of the auditors writes:

> "While memory lasts, that meeting in the Court House will not be forgotten by us, and I presume not by Mr. Giddings. We have not yet had time for the full effect of that statement of his—Mr. Giddings's—that in case the *slaves should rise*, and *assert their own rights, a Republican administration would be bound* to go to the relief of the master, by giving freedom to the slaves. Did you ever see an audience retire from an anti-slavery lecture as that did, scarcely speaking above a whisper? It seemed as though there had been some one left dead in the room. Was it that Mr. Giddings that evening politically yielded up the ghost?"

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.—A few months since, a new daily journal, entitled *The World*, was started in this city. It defined its motives and aims in these words:

> "*The World* has originated in the widely prevalent feeling that the time has come for living Christianity to assert itself in secular journalism more positively than it has yet done, and will adapt itself to that acknowledged want. Neither assuming nor seeking to be a preacher of religious doctrine, it yet will recognize, in all its judgments upon the practical affairs of life, the authority and efficacy of Christian principles. Its capital has been supplied by members of various religious denominations, and it will do its work, without bias, on the common ground of the great primal Christian truths."

It is a fact of great significance, that the paper making these high professions and edited by a man in repute for "evangelical piety and orthodoxy," did not suffer any of the avowedly pro-slavery journals to go before it in the attempt to justify the late Diocesan Convention for refusing to condemn the slave trade! [See STANDARD of Oct. 6th—pro-slavery head.] In taking this course it did not misrepresent the dominant feeling in the principal orthodox Churches of New York. The popular Christianity of this city is in this respect "conformed to *The World*," and therefore in alliance with the Flesh and the Devil. What a disgusting specimen of pious cant is afforded in the profession of such a paper to "assert the power of a living Christianity in secular journalism"! A "*living* Christianity," forsooth! Its putridity makes it fit only for the dunghill!

THE ENEMIES OF DR. CHEEVER STILL AT THEIR WORK.

WE publish, in its appropriate place on the first page, a paper addressed "To the Christian Public of Great Britain," by the party opposed to Dr. Cheever in the Church of the Puritans, and intended to defeat his efforts to obtain pecuniary aid in that country. Our readers are so fully informed in respect to the origin, nature and history of the struggle in that Church between the thorough-going Abolitionists who stand by Dr. Cheever on the one side, and the really pro-slavery (though pretended anti-slavery) party opposed to him on the other, that it is quite unnecessary for us to enter upon any formal exposure of the misstatements contained in this protest. It will be sufficient if we call attention to a few prominent and undeniable facts, viz.:

1. The first attempt to remove Dr. Cheever from his pastorate was made immediately after the intense excitement produced by the series of Anti-Slavery Discourses delivered by him in the autumn of 1856, and afterwards published in his volume, "God against Slavery." The movers in the scheme, not daring to strike him openly and to disclose their real motives, sent him a private letter, filled with hypocritical professions of friendship, and asking him, for reasons which they said were unconnected with slavery, to resign. Their hope and expectation was that he would promptly comply with this modest request; but in this they were disappointed. He at once laid the letter before the Church, and that body, by a large majority, expressed a desire for his continuance in the pastorate. Thus baffled in their first attack, his opponents next deliberately formed the plan of *starving him out*, by diminishing the revenues of the Church; and as some of them were men of wealth, while the majority of the Doctor's friends were comparatively poor, they felt sure of ultimate success. It was to counteract and defeat this scheme that Dr. Cheever and a few of his friends first sent an agent to Great Britain. They made no public appeal for aid in this country, simply because they knew that *The Independent* and kindred papers stood ready to open fire upon them, and to make a desperate effort to put them down by the combined influence of popular clamor and ecclesiastical authority. There was not, in this pro-slavery country, any considerable body of orthodox Christians, *occupying their ground of uncompromising opposition to slavery as a sin*, to which they could turn for aid in their extremity.

2. The enemies of Dr. Cheever, when they heard of the application for foreign aid, saw at once that unless that application were somehow defeated, their project for starving the Doctor out must inevitably fail. They stimulated the pro-slavery press of this city to denounce the said application as an exhibition of Church mendicancy altogether disgraceful to the country, hoping by this means to create a popular clamor, under the influence of which the Society and Church of the Puritans might be dragooned into an expression of disapprobation of the plan. Here, again, they were signally defeated. The Society and Church, upon full consideration, indorsed the mission to Great Britain in a manner so decided and unmistakable, that Dr. Cheever himself was encouraged to go abroad and appeal in person to the orthodox Abolitionists of that country for the help necessary to maintain a genuine anti-slavery pulpit in New York.

3. At this point Dr. Cheever's opponents resolved, it seems, to send across the water the paper now before us, in which they virtually charge him and the majority of the Church and Society with deliberate falsehood, in that they (the Doctor and his friends) affirm that the opposition to his ministry is inspired by hostility to his anti-slavery preaching. Whether it is among the privileges of a minority in a Church to arraign their Pastor in a foreign land (where he is undeniably acting according to the wish of the majority), upon a charge of falsifying the state of affairs in the body, and seeking to collect funds upon false pretences (for such, in fact, if not in form, is the purport of the protest in question), it is not for us to decide; but if there *is* any such thing known to ecclesiastical law as a "breach of covenant obligations," it would seem that this affords a flagrant example of that offence.

4. The primary question at issue in the Church of the Puritans is simply this: Shall Dr. Cheever be sustained as pastor, or shall he, on account of his anti-slavery preaching, be removed? The majority of the Church [illegible] their ground upon this issue; they are resolved to sustain Dr. Cheever, and he is now in Great Britain as their representative, seeking for the aid which, in their present emergency, they need to enable them to maintain their ground. The signers of the protest endeavor to befog this plain issue, and to make the people of Great Britain believe that the "strifes and divisions" in the Church have no legitimate connection with slavery. In this they are deliberately playing the part of deceivers. If there are any matters in controversy in the Church of the Puritans having no connection with slavery, why do not the signers of the protest specify them? They know that the attempt to do this would convict them of falsehood out of their own mouths. We assure the Abolitionists of Great Britain, of our own knowledge, that there is no controversy whatever in that Church which does not involve at last the simple question, whether Dr. Cheever, for his fidelity in preaching against slavery as a sin, shall be sustained or removed; and there is no controversy on *this* question except what is produced by the factious hostility to Dr. Cheever of the signers of the protest. The pro-slavery *New York Times*, which espoused the cause of the factionists at the beginning, and has kept up a constant fire against Dr. Cheever and his friends, naively confesses, in its comments upon the protest, that "the contest simply involves THE QUESTION OF SUSTAINING DR. CHEEVER"; and then it adds: "If this appeal for money abroad proves successful, Dr. C. and his friends will eject all opponents from the Church, and conduct it in their own manner. If not, *they will be obliged to yield, and Dr. Cheever will probably seek some other field of usefulness.*" If the signers of the protest had stated the issue and their own object with equal clearness, there would have been less need of the remarks we have felt ourselves called upon to make.

5. The signers of the protest, "as illustrating the sad change of feeling in the Church within one short year," refer to the fact that two of the former deacons have been charged by affidavit before a court with corrupt proceedings in relation to an election for trustees; and they appear to think that this fact is one which should convince British Christians that Dr. Cheever's friends are sadly at fault. It is only necessary, by way of reply, to state the simple facts of the case, as follows: In April last occurred the annual election of several members of the Board of Trustees, the body which manages the temporalities of the congregation. Two tickets were presented, one by the friends and the other by the opponents of Dr. Cheever. The law required that two of the deacons should be appointed to judge of the qualifications of the voters, and Dr. Cheever's opponents managed to select both from their own party. The election proceeded, resulting in the election of the persons voted for by Dr. Cheever's friends, and thereby giving them a decided majority in the Board. The election was thus officially declared by the deacons and recorded by the clerk. The law required the deacons to give to each of the persons thus elected a certificate of the fact. Instead, however, of fulfilling their duty, they made themselves the tools of the party to which they belonged, and, upon pretences utterly illegal and false, certified the election, not of all those whom they had themselves declared to have received a majority of the votes, but of a portion of those whom they had declared to be defeated! The affidavit of which they complain was the necessary basis of an action at law on the part of the elected trustees to recover the rights of which they were defrauded by these precious deacons! These facts will serve to show our English friends how unscrupulous are the measures resorted to by the enemies of Dr. Cheever to drive him from his position.

6. The signers of the protest affirm the ability of the Church and Society to meet all the expenses of public worship; and for themselves they say, "*We* are both able and willing to pay *our due proportion* of the expenses of our Church and Society." They are careful not to say that they are *now paying* their proportion of those expenses; they only express a *willingness* to do so. They mean (the deceivers!) that they are willing to pay handsomely if the majority will only yield to their demand for the removal of Dr. Cheever and the appointment in his place of some poor make-believe of an anti-slavery minister, like Dr. Thompson or Dr. Bacon, who will content himself with letting off a little harmless rhetoric on slavery once or twice a year, on Thanksgiving and Fast days, and never disturb their Sunday repose with the thunderings and lightnings of God's Word against the great iniquity of the land. Several of the wealthy signers of this appeal, who formerly occupied conspicuous pews and contributed largely toward defraying the expenses of public worship, now only pay for sittings costing two or three dollars, and this only that they may retain a right to vote in the meetings and possess the power to annoy the pastor and his devoted friends by their incessant plottings and efforts to create "strifes and divisions."

— Dr. Cheever, whatever may have been his original plan of labor on the other side of the water, will now be compelled to go before the people of Great Britain with a frank exposition of all his trials and persecutions. The invitation of his Edinburgh friends happily opens the way for him to do this, and we cannot for a moment doubt that his statements will command the attention and win the confidence of every earnest friend of the anti-slavery cause.

WESTERN OPERATIONS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOU have, doubtless, before this time, received the Official Report of Proceedings at the late Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. That was a grand occasion, and, I hope, the prelude to noble achievements in the coming year.

But one thing is needful to both East and West; and that is, the idea or conception of the vastness and, consequently, comparative importance of this western world. Neither part of the country, as yet, seems to have any just appreciation of the social, commercial, political, intellectual and moral power that is already latent here. It has never yet been revealed to the West itself; it has never been justly inventoried by the East or South. The South, with its slavery and consequent unthriftiness in every department of genuine national growth, has yet been both the special object of favorable indulgence on the part of the government, and the dictator of the national policy on every question of commerce, education and religion.

This order of things, however, is not to continue. All that the South has ever been in actual importance, in any respect, the West is already and more. And its existence is scarcely yet begun. The time, therefore, has come to change the whole economy of action and feeling, and to pay that respect to the West which its relative importance may justly claim. At the bidding of the South—of slavery—every governmental indulgence, almost, has been denied it, and its growth has been greatly impeded on that account. Two remedies for this injustice are now at hand—one is, that it will soon be able to control the government; the other, that its own acquired and constantly accumulating wealth will be sufficient to construct all its own roads of every kind, and improve all its rivers and harbors, till its own internal commerce shall almost rival that on the high seas, from every other part of the country. In educational and moral importance, too, it may also soon be a power to challenge the admiration of mankind.

It is to this latter consideration that I have given most of my thought. And for years, it has been a high gratification to me to devote the autumnal months to a Western Anti-Slavery Agency. It is a pleasure, also, to me, to know that our late inestimable friend, Mr. Hovey, of Boston, held a similar view to my own, and always contributed generously to Western operations; at one time (a few years since) giving a thousand dollars to a single campaign.

Our present prospects in the Western field are all that we could expect, if not desire. The anniversary at Salem was every way a success, and my lectures have never been better attended, or, apparently, more highly appreciated. We have just closed a most interesting Convention in this thriving little town, an official report of which you will probably see in *The Bugle*. And should you find room, I would be glad to see the first three or four resolutions in THE STANDARD, or any others of the series that you may deem worthy of such notice. The first three of the series were suggested by the fact that hereabouts, though there has been much labor bestowed in the direction of Reform and Progress, it has been of a more general character than properly belongs to our platform. These resolutions, however, seemed to meet with general approval at the outset; and, at the last session of our Convention, we adopted the whole series, I think, with entire unanimity. And they seem to me not below or behind the most faithful [illegible]

The politicians, as usual, the Republicans preëminently, showed themselves very sensitive to criticism, not all the time conducting themselves in the most manly manner. Most of them, however, I think, are really much better than their party leaders, their platform or their candidate. The non-appearance of our promised and confidently-expected friend Douglass was a source of great regret. In his stead, we had the presence of Mr. Stebbins of Michigan, who spoke ably and well. Mrs. Josephine Griffing, also, was heard with an attention reserved only for the very best speakers on our platform. PARKER PILLSBURY.

Angola, Indiana, Oct. 10, 1860.

DR. CHEEVER INVITED TO SCOTLAND.

DR. CHEEVER, on returning to London from the Continent, on the 25th ult., received the following invitation to visit the commercial metropolis of Scotland:

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION ROOMS,
75 St. George's Place, Glasgow, Sept. 13, 1860.

DR. CHEEVER, OF NEW YORK: *Reverend and Dear Sir:* WE, the undersigned, the members of the Committee for the late demonstration in this city, on your behalf, and others, in our own name, and, we believe, in the name of many more, beg to express the gratification which your visit to this country affords us, and to offer you a very cordial and hearty welcome to the commercial metropolis of Scotland.

While amongst us, we venture to hope that you will present to the people of this city a history of your struggles in the Church of the Puritans—in justice to your own position, for the sake of the men who have stood by you in your Church, and in behalf of the catholic interests of freedom; that the friends of human liberty in this country may more clearly understand to whom they may look in America for coöperation in the conflict against the dreadful sin of slavery.

JOHN BLACKIE, Jr., Bailie.
REV. JOHN ROBSON, D.D.
REV. JOHN SMYTH, D.D.
REV. WM. SYMINGTON, D.D.
DAVID SMITH, Esq.
JOHN McDOWALL, Bailie.
REV. ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D.
Prof. W. M. HETHERINGTON, D.D.
REV. HENRY BATCHELOR.
REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.
W. P. PATON, Esq.
REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.
REV. JAMES KNOX.
Mr. JOHN SMITH.
ROBERT GOW, Jr., Esq.

The influential names appended to this paper are a sufficient guarantee that Dr. Cheever will meet a hearty welcome not only in Glasgow but in every part of Scotland. The terms of the invitation are not only very cordial, but specially significant in view of the treacherous efforts of *The Independent* to defeat the objects of Dr. Cheever's mission by inducing the Christian Abolitionists of Great Britain to shut their ears to the tale of his persecutions and their purses to his appeals for aid in behalf of the Church of the Puritans, and to content themselves with giving him a personal and complimentary reception, not on account of his preëminent fidelity to the cause of the slave, but as "a product and representative" of the anti-slavery sentiment of the evangelical Churches of America! *The Independent*, it would seem, not only overrated its own influence in Great Britain, but underrated the sagacity of the men upon whom it gratuitously obtruded its advice. The leading evangelical clergymen of Glasgow at least, in marked contempt of its counsels, instead of ignoring the troubles in the Church of the Puritans as having nothing to do with the subject of slavery, invite Dr. Cheever, in the most explicit terms, to give the people of Scotland a history of his struggles and those of his Church to maintain an Anti-Slavery Pulpit in New York. That he will comply with the invitation we entertain no doubt, and we think his friends in this country need have no apprehension for the result. The tale of truth which he will unfold will carry conviction to every honest anti-slavery heart on the other side of the water, and dissipate effectually the cloud of misconception and prejudice which the falsehoods of *The Independent* were designed and adapted to gather about his path.

A COMMUNICATION from Dr. Brooke of Ohio is in type, but necessarily deferred.

POLITICAL RELATIONS.—VII.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR, as I confess, I bear to the political organizations and arrangements around *me* the relations of an exile and a captive, am I not thus deprived of the priceless benefits which civil government naturally involves and offers? To this inquiry I address myself in the thoughts which this paper may suggest.

Of government, under every form and name, I find the substance, life and power, in the principles on which human nature was constructed. These assert their authority in the depths of my consciousness. I may lay hold of their import, yield to their demands, embody them in my history. This is equally an obligation and a privilege. It is a right I am entitled to assert; a prerogative I am divinely authorized to wield; a source of worth, dignity and blessedness, from which I cannot lawfully be debarred. Here is my inheritance; inestimable, imperishable and inalienable.

Now, when in my aims, objects and exertions, I rise to harmony with these organic principles—yield obedience to these laws of my existence, *I acquire* SELF-GOVERNMENT. Under my own name and amidst my own relations, and with my own resources, I get possession of the elements which distinctively and essentially characterize *government*, wherever it asserts its authority. It is fitly called *self-government*, as it now exerts a controlling influence over my entire personality—my proper self. In the exercise of my powers, I now yield to the demands which the constructive principles of my existence—on which human nature was fashioned—urge home upon me. Thus, and thus only—thus, and thus always, can self-government be acquired and maintained. I am thus, wherever and however I may be—amidst the multitude or in the deepest solitude—whether surrounded by the loyal or the rebellious, I am thus exerting—continually and effectively exerting—through these principles, now the soul and substance of my character, a sovereign influence. I have identified myself with all that is regal in the Universe; and cannot but manifest myself accordingly. *I cannot but act the part of a ruler in whatever sphere and on whatever scale I may exert myself.* The beneficence, wisdom and power which essentially inhere in the principles to which I now maintain allegiance, involve protection, guidance, encouragement, inspiration, refreshment. And these are evermore the fruits and effects of government, wherever government exists. And of such fruits, so ripe, luscious, wholesome, I can never be deprived while I remain true to myself—maintain my allegiance to the Eternal Throne. Obedience to the laws of High Heaven involves protection, guidance, blessedness. All this, with me, is not theory merely—it is life; is not speculation merely—it is experience. I know the name of my Sovereign; how to avail myself of his presence and perfections; how to appropriate the fruits of his beneficence and love. Self-government thus descends from, and conducts to, the Heavens.

Self-government is the root and germ of government, on whatever scale it may be constructed, and however high and wide may be the field of its influence. He whose character is not adjusted to, and vitalized by, the constructive principles of human nature—who does not cordially and reverently bow to the authority of Truth, Order and Justice, *cannot govern*. And wherever these principles bear away, there are the crown and the sceptre. It may be in the ditch, in the dungeon, on the cross; no matter, there are the crown and the sceptre. There is authority. There are might and majesty. There are food and shelter—love, peace and joy. And whenever or wherever I find any of my fellows, who brings higher powers into fuller conformity to these principles, there and then I find a ruler of whose presence I am to avail myself. No matter what may be his complexion, age or occupation—no matter what may be the incidents or circumstances of his existence—no matter in what estimation the majority may hold him, or what place the majority may assign him—he is a ruler, to whose claims on my respect, confidence and homage, I am promptly and fully to respond. Thus, he will exert, on my behalf, the influence for which the institution of civil government was established. Loyal souls are always royal souls. And as long as I can reach their presence, can hear their voice, can coöperate in their designs and exertions, I can never be driven upon the horrors of anarchy. Nay, while I myself am true to the demands of Order and Justice, while I myself [illegible] the claims of [illegible] humanity, I cannot be deprived of the benefits which good government naturally diffuses all abroad. The majority cannot, *without my consent*, rob me of the priceless blessings with which, in this very matter, my birthright offers to enrich me.

And shall I give my consent, by ascribing authority to usurpation, sovereignty to injustice, majesty to the majority? By offering my allegiance to craven wretches who deny that humanity is equal to humanity, and, for the basest purposes, most impudently and flagitiously confound personality with property; who thrust grim, ghastly *selfishness* upon the throne, as if their devouring dragon were a gracious deity! Perish the thought! Here is wild, fierce, bloody anarchy! Anarchy the more, the more it is organized! It must thrive and fatten as anarchy while the blind multitude, with its profligate leaders of different parties, command "the sum of all villanies" as the legitimate child of legislation! Hell must be hell, indeed, if absurdities so gross and atrocities so monstrous had their origin, or could be endured there! Oh, my God, "gather not my soul with the wicked"! BERIAH GREEN.

A GOOD MAN DEPARTED.—We record with deep emotion the death of that noble servant of the anti-slavery cause, Rev. WAREHAM WALKER, formerly editor of *The American Baptist*. He died at Flint, Michigan, on the 18th of September last, of consumption, after a long illness, at the age of 55 years. He was a thorough-going Abolitionist, and loved humanity more than he did his sect. *The American Baptist*, in announcing his death, says:

> "Never was there a man of higher principle or sterner integrity than Bro. Walker. Whenever and wherever he saw the right, he embraced and defended it, with unwavering earnestness, at whatever cost. He literally made himself a sacrifice to the interests of the Free Mission Society. In the dark and gloomy hour, when friends were few and opponents bitter, he espoused its fortunes, and devoted to it an amount of severe and incessant toil such as few men could have endured so long, and which in the end prostrated his constitutional energies, and brought him to a premature grave. But he had the privilege of seeing, before he died, the abundant fruit of his labors, and heard expressed in no unequivocal manner the general verdict of the denomination, that the fundamental principles of Christian missions which he first enunciated in his review of the constitution of the Missionary Union, were the true, Scriptural and consistent principles of the primitive Church."

Mr. Walker, though mainly absorbed in labors for the purification of his own denomination from the sin of slavery, appreciated the work of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends, with whom he was closely identified in spirit and by the strength and thoroughness of his anti-slavery principles. He was too noble to follow the example of some weak orthodox anti-slavery men in echoing the false charge of infidelity so often brought by slaveholders and their tools against Garrison and his friends.

GARRISON THE RULER OF THE OLD BAY STATE.—A writer in the Pittsfield *Sun*, alluding to the present political condition of Massachusetts, as illustrated by the nomination of John A. Andrew for Governor, and other similar facts, traces what he calls the "complete subjection" of the State to Abolitionism to its source, as follows:

> "But who is the Great Magician that has effected this result? Not Charles Sumner; for he is only the big, stout Ariel of the renowned Prospero; and does the bidding of his master 'daily.' Well may that master exclaim, 'My *tricksy spirit!*' That Great Magician, that Prospero—whose magic wand controls the destinies of the Republican party in Massachusetts; drives out the Caliban, Wilson, when he attempts with feeble ambition to govern the Isle, to the pains and cramps of a mortifying defeat in his candidate—that Prospero is [illegible] William Lloyd Garrison! Yes! He is the Ruler of Massachusetts at this moment!"

Well, *The Sun* is not far from right. The Republican party, *so far as it is an anti-slavery party*, is, in spite of its shortcomings and even of its complicity with slavery, the legitimate outgrowth of the movement inaugurated by Mr. Garrison. The fruit, not having arrived at maturity, is somewhat puckery at present, but time and appropriate culture are doing their work. Mr. Garrison copies in *The Liberator* the extract from *The Sun* printed above, and modestly says:

> "Whatever may be the animus of the writer of this paragraph, by substituting the SOVEREIGN ARMY OF LIBERTY (whose cause we unfalteringly advocate) for our humble name, 'the Great Magician' that is shaping the destiny of Massachusetts by his wand will stand revealed in all his grandeur and potency."

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15th.

I HAVE no news but what is old, and none of that but what is political. But political news, in times like these, is a thing that keeps, and to the winning side will bear even frequent repetition. So, as the majority of your readers are on this side, at least in sympathy, I will write you about the election.

Curtin, the Republican candidate for Governor, is elected. He is elected by about 32,000 majority.

This denotes—what? That the people of Pennsylvania are in favor of abolitionism? By no means. That a majority of the people, equal to the figures mentioned, are in favor of any sort of action against the system? Not at all. That there is a disposition, general in the State, to restore to the black man the franchise and other rights of which he has been unjustly divested? Nothing of the kind. What, then, does it denote? Simply the general prevalence of a sentiment hostile to the rule of slavery, and favorable, in preference, to free institutions. I say *sentiment.* It is not a deep conviction amounting to the dignity of a principle. There is quite a difference between the two; but they are nearly related, and one is very apt to be followed by the other. That such will prove the case in this instance, I have no doubt; and, therefore, I rejoice with others in the result of the election.

But the triumph of the Republicans has another significance. It denotes the permanent defeat of the pro-slavery Democracy; it puts the natural allies of the South in this State *hors de combat.*

I know that "one swallow does not make a summer," nor a single election indicate a permanent state of public sentiment. I know that Governor Ritner, a more thorough anti-slavery man than Andrew Curtin, was elected to that office twenty-four years ago, and that many who supported him have since been among our worst persecutors. I know that James Pollock was elected Governor only five years ago, and that some who voted for him have this fall been doing pro-slavery service in the opposite ranks. Ritner's election was an accident, the result of a favorable conjunction of circumstances. He was an Anti-Mason; the slavery issue was not raised. Pollock's election was not exactly an accident, but it was the result of a favorable combination of all the anti-democratic elements. He was an "American," and the anti-slavery question was only collateral. But it is not so with Curtin. Slavery (extension or non-extension—but still slavery) was here the main issue. The tariff question had some influence, but that was with anti-slavery men. The live issue—the one that gave animation to the contest and enthusiasm to the voters, was that of anti-slavery; and this it was that made Mr. Curtin Governor. Instead of having, like Pollock, a combination in his favor, all the political elements, including the life-long and most inveterate enemies of Democracy, united for his defeat. The warp and woof of the Foster party was hatred of the negro and a friendly regard for Southern institutions. The golden thread that held together the supporters of Curtin, very attenuated, to be sure, was the general sentiment above alluded to, of hatred of American slavery. And it can hardly be called a "one swallow" case, for this is the third victory in succession over the "fierce Democracie;" each being more decisive than the one preceding it.

As for Mr. Curtin as an anti-slavery man, the less said by his friends the better. As a candidate in this regard, he was a homœopathic pellet, swallowable without tasting by his most fastidious supporters. Indeed he was so weak as to be a good deal like water with the cold taken off to the stomachs of some of his anti-slavery advocates. They were nauseated, and came near throwing him up. Assured, however, that the dose was necessary to carry them through the crisis (of November), they shut their eyes, and, with a quiet shiver, forced him down. Governor Curtin's executive course will not have to be very strong to exceed expectation.

In the matter of Congressmen, Pennsylvania has done, on the whole, quite as well as in that of Governor. Numerically, the pro-slavery side has the advantage of one member, but their opponents have more than a set-off in an increase of moral and intellectual strength. Junkin of Perry, a very respectable Republican, gives place to Bailey, the old State Treasurer, a hard-mouthed pro-slavery Democrat, and a very inferior man; but Tom Florence's seat is to be filled by John M. Butler, a man of fair character, and reputed to be sincerely anti-slavery. Mr. Millward, a worthy and useful member, is succeeded by Judge Kelley, whose anti-slavery tendencies are well known, and whose power as a popular orator all acknowledge.

But the chief cause of congratulation to the friends of freedom is the election of William Morris Davis. This gentleman went into the canvass with the reputation of being an Abolitionist, and of having attended and spoken at a John Brown meeting. This, of course, was used against him; in fact it was the chief reliance of his enemies—Breckenridge, Bell, and Douglas men combined—for his defeat. His opponent was Harry Ingersoll, Esq., son of the notorious Charles J. Ingersoll, and a man of wealth and position. Mr. Ingersoll is an aristocrat of the most ultra order; but this, you know, would not disqualify him for the suffrages of the Democrats; quite the contrary. Mr. Ingersoll, too, belongs to a family in which the right to political office seems to inhere by a sort of prescription; but still, with all these advantages of wealth, position, and hereditary claim, Mr. Ingersoll was defeated, and William Morris Davis, the reputed John Brown Abolitionist, is the member elect from the Vth District.

Mr. Davis, notwithstanding the high repute in which his enemies insist on holding him, is not the Abolitionist some of his friends would like him to be. He is an improvement, to be sure, upon John Wood, his immediate predecessor; but that is not saying a great deal; and he is immeasurably better than the Hon. John Cadwallader, who preceded Mr. Wood, and that is not saying anything more; but he is not the man to represent the Motts, and the Davises (the Edward M's), the Corsons, and the Pauls, and the like, who constitute the anti-slavery life of his constituency. But he is a man of ability and principle, and a fast friend of freedom, and (now that there is no danger to him in saying it) we anti-slavery people are glad he is elected.

The whole five Congressmen of Philadelphia have been carried against the combined ranks of slavery, and, for the first time since the days of the Missouri Compromise, this city is represented at Washington by men avowedly hostile to slavery. In this view of the case, we are disposed to feel very comfortable. If any one at a distance should think we are easily cheered, let him put himself in our place and fancy his feelings. Let him imagine himself fighting his weary way, for twenty-five mortal years, against the Bashan bulls of pro-slavery Democracy, and see if he won't hail with joy a change that sweeps the Augean stalls of these ferocious and bellowing animals.

Then, as a sign of what is to come, proximately and ultimately, we are also disposed to take a good deal of comfort from this canvass. Proximately, it means the election of Lincoln; ultimately, it indicates the position Pennsylvania will take when the hour strikes for emancipation.

Lincoln's election is a foregone conclusion. It will be a good thing. I say *it*, meaning thereby the *election*, in itself considered. From the *Administration* of Mr. Lincoln we have little to expect. The former will be the work of the people, who will mean thereby to testify their love of liberty; the latter will be the action of an official, sworn to support and perpetuate slavery. The one will be an expression of an anti-slavery feeling, the other will be the performance of a pro-slavery duty. It is the former that I am disposed to regard with complacency, and that I do not hesitate to pronounce in advance a good thing.

The ultimate result I will not now talk about; but it is coming. Everything tends—these elections included—in that direction. Mr. Lincoln will have his hands full before the expiration of his term. His party is not an Abolition party, but there is enough of that element in it to give him a deal of trouble when he begins to throw safeguards, if he should be disposed to do so, around the peculiar anti-slavery system. All this, of course, is assuming, what now seems inevitable, that he is to be our next President.

I would here stop, but I ought to state before doing so that there is now a doubt about the election of John M. Butler, candidate for Congress, from our First District. I said he was elected; but it is alleged, and with apparent proof, that there was a falsification of the returns, and that Wm. E. Lehman, the Douglas candidate, is the successful aspirant. The supposed fraud is not charged to the Republicans, but is said to have been the work of some Breckenridge man, who took this method of revenging himself and his associates on the bolting Douglasite.

If Mr. Lehman be fairly chosen, let him by all means have his certificate; but the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, even of the notorious "Fourth Ward" District, might have found a man to stand for them at Washington with less exceptionable antecedents. Mr. Lehman, it is said, has gentlemanly manners and a good education; but better have a candidate like their old representative Painter, who, it was said, spelled cabbage with a k, than one whose record is stained by the blood of the Fugitive Slave law.

By turning to the files of *The Pennsylvania Freeman* of 1851, we find Wm. E. Lehman, Esq., chronicled as the professional adviser of George F. Alberti, in the trial, before Commissioner Ingraham, of Adam Gibson; a trial which, it will be remembered, resulted in the surrender, as a slave, of a free man, afterwards proved to be such, to the said Alberti, by him to be carried into endless bondage.

I refer to this fact without personal or partisan feeling; indeed with unfeigned regret. But what is written remains. Records have their uses, and men that come before the public for office must take their chances. Facts are inexorable things, and Abolitionists have frequent occasion to use them. Politicians used to laugh at our sort of folk, and work openly for slavery, at the same time entering into the enjoyment of fat offices. All we could do, then, was to jot them down, and bide our time; confident that in due course these things would all be made right. That this confidence was not without just grounds, doubtless Mr. Lehman would now admit. Perhaps he has repented; if so, we shall look for works meet for repentance. But don't let him quarrel with us for producing his record; to withhold it would in effect be "a falsification of the returns." Johnny Lewis, the miller, used to say, "a man that wants the *advance* should be willing to take the *disvance.*" This is sound doctrine, and I commend it to Mr. Lehman as a profitable cud for rumination.

One word more, on another subject, and I have done. The Prince of Wales and his suite arrived in this city on the very day of the election. He saw, or might have seen, just how it was done. There was little in the outward circumstances of the day to strike the eye of a stranger, especially of one so young. The stir produced by his own arrival, though that—in contrast with other places—was confined to the narrowest possible bounds of good taste, was quite as much calculated to arrest attention as any external sign of the election. Nevertheless, when this Royal Youth comes—if he ever should—to assume the cares of State, and study the problem of government, he will remember that he was in Philadelphia on the day of one of the most eventful and decisive elections that had as yet taken place in the Western Republic; that while the power of the Government was in effect changing hands, and a great revolution in course of actual accomplishment, the people were minding their business, and pursuing their pleasures, as if nothing were happening out of the usual routine. He will think of this, and it will stand in his mind an argument for democratic institutions and universal suffrage, to which the subtlest intellect around his throne will find it difficult to furnish an answer. M.

Our Washington Correspondence

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15, 1860.

THE people of Washington, for a day or two past, have been watching New York very closely and trying to get a fair idea of its Christianity and civilization, as manifested and illustrated by the great Diamond Ball. You see, this place is a very orthodox and pious one. We overflow with churches and priests. A revival has been going on for more than three years here, without interruption. Count the politicians out from our population—and they have very little to do with our churches—and the residue is all made up of church-goers and church supporters. This large class have been in the habit of looking North for assistance in building churches and in carrying on missionary operations in the district. They have been accustomed, also, to look North, especially at the great cities, and New York in particular, for the best specimens of Christian morals. Now, your Tract Society, Bible Society, and Southern Aid Society agents down this way always inveigh terribly against the awful sin of dancing, and worldliness in general. Dancing is a great card with these Society men in all this region. It is usually held up to be the worst of all sins—certainly a great deal worse than that of man-stealing. Judge of the astonishment of our church-goers when they find Tract Society men and evangelists in New York getting up and attending *a ball!* So it seems that while it is very wicked to attend an ordinary dance, it is very right to attend a Diamond Ball. The king can do no wrong—neither can the Prince—and better still, the New York evangelicals can do no wrong while in his presence, not even if they commit that terrible sin (under ordinary circumstances) of dancing! But the church people this way cannot understand this kind of reasoning—and leaving them in their confusion, I will turn to other matters.

Washington is rapidly turning into a Republican city. The changes here of late are wonderful. There is a vigorous Wide Awake club here, a Republican association of several years standing, and a club of Wide Awakes in Georgetown, also. On Thursday night of last week these organizations made a public procession through our streets, the Wide Awakes, of course, carrying their torches. It was the first procession of the kind in the city, and many predicted that a bloody riot would ensue. But Washington is changed. Some of the very men who participated in the *National Era* riot, and in the mob which attempted to take the life of Drayton and Sayres, were in the procession! There were about six hundred men in the columns, and at least ten thousand spectators. One man in the ranks was hit with a brickbat and rendered insensible, but it was a random shot, and no one could identify the scoundrel who threw it. The procession moved from the old *Era* buildings down to Pennsylvania Avenue, and up its entire length to the President's house, and then, by a different route, back to E street, near Seventh, where the Congressional Republican Campaign Committee have their head-quarters. Here a crowd of two thousand persons was collected, and speeches were made by one or two Republicans. I confess the tone of them was not very radical. The first speaker (Mr. Kilgore, M. C., from Indiana), seemed to be very anxious to convince the office-holders present that the Republican party hates "niggers," whether bond or free. They wanted nothing to do with them, he said, whether free or slave. This was a sop to the colorphobia of the Democrats and milk-and-water Republicans. Upon the whole, the occurrences of the evening passed off happily, and indicate a striking advance in the anti-slavery reform in Washington. If the tide presses onward at this rate, Washington will be a free city within a very few years by the direct vote of her citizens, and not by that of Congress. There are but few slaves here now, and fewer slaveholders; and a majority of the legal voters, I presume to say, if not afraid of offending the "powers that be," would to-day put an end to human slavery within the district. Certainly Aleck Stephens and Herschel V. Johnson could not say one word against this mode of abolishing slavery, for it would be in exact conformity with Mr. Douglas's notions of Popular Sovereignty.

There was an attempt made in one of our Justice's Courts, the other day, to punish the keeper of one of our hotels for alleged violation of the Fugitive Slave law, but upon trial the charge was not sustained. The alleged slave was hustled out of the District in a hurry, and I have been informed by those who should know the facts in the case, that there was illegal work upon the part of the asserted slave-owner, but I cannot be certain of this. That hundreds of innocent, and, by our laws, *free* colored people, are kidnapped from the District and sold South, no man can doubt who has listened to the complaints of the colored residents.

As the prospects for the election of Mr. Lincoln have brightened of late, in exact ratio has the thunder of Southern braggarts in our midst diminished; and since the late elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, it has been a difficult matter to find a Disunionist. One man I did see on the street who was so angry over the result in Pennsylvania that he swore by all that was bad and good that Lincoln should never be inaugurated, if elected; but a Douglas Democrat effectually silenced him by asking him *how* he was going to prevent the inauguration! To be sure, there was the rub. The Douglas Democrat calculated that about one hundred men would be found to fight in defence of "Old Abe" where one man could be brought to take the field against him! Under these circumstances, the fire-eater admitted that it might be imprudent to risk his head on an "overt act" of treason. AVON.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent lamenteth his Impressions and renounceth them—He objurgateth the types and giveth specifications—He compareth himself with the Poet Emmons—And telleth of him—And of his Epic Poem—And his typical sorrows—Also those of Mr. Quincy and of Mr. Lowell—The standpoint discussed—He is elegiacal on Dr. Dwight—And heretical as to Epic Poetry—He defendeth digressions—And skimmeth over politics—His own predilections—He discourseth on Mr. Yancey's [illegible]—And is politico-economical—But checketh himself and concludeth with a word as to the Prince's visit.

BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1860.

I vow and protest that I never will take pains with my handwriting again. My last letter, you must allow, was a miracle of caligraphy. Every word was written with ink, and in that plain and print-like hand which is the delight and admiration of all my correspondents. I admit that generally my sense of the value of time (which I remember the copy-book states to be inestimable), compels me to make use of such oscillatory facilities as a railway carriage can afford to an ambitious writer, whenever I am providentially detained over Sunday (as is occasionally the case) in one of the suburban towns, as I hurry to the city for the purpose of committing my missive to the charge of our common relative, Uncle Sam. I will not deny that a casual inspection of those autographs might lead a careless observer, who was not acquainted with the regularity of my habits, to the opinion that they were written in an advanced stage of intoxication. But then those pencil sketches have been almost always reproduced in durable ink by your press with marvellous accuracy. So that I was the more overcome by the wild work which your types made with some of my pet sentences. For example: "The *following* tale which the hussey *Hebe* was hoaxing" the Belleveretters with, instead of "the *fluttering* tale with which the hussey *Hope*" was doing that easiest of little things. Again: Lord Kellie was made to be "a favorite presiding officer on *crowned* occasions" instead of on "*convivial*" ones, which I take to be very different affairs. Then the Japanese are styled "*owlish* barbarians" instead of "*outside*" ones. There are half-a-dozen more, great and small; but these will do to justify me for making you do penance in a white sheet, in the face of your whole congregation, as a terror to like evil-doers.

I did not fare as hard, however, as the poet Emmons did, these eyes being witnesses of the fact. Who was the poet Emmons, do you ask? I blush for the crassitude of your ignorance. He is one of the two Epic Poets that our country has produced—Joel Barlow, of the Columbiad, being the other. I really beg Dr. Dwight's pardon, but I had forgotten "The Conquest of Canaan," which I think was an Epic also. One of the *three*, then, he was. His poem must have been in at least twenty-four books, as I remember it was in two volumes. It was called "The Fredoniad," from the style and title he was pleased to bestow upon our free and glorious country. Fredonia, moreover, was the name of the guardian spirit of the United States, who always had her finger in all our pies—which, as Mrs. Gamp might say, I wish so many of them were not *dirt* ones. What would I not give for a sight of it again! I fear there is not a copy left on earth. I cannot pretend to remember much about it, excepting that it had suffered mortally at the hands of ruthless compositors, so that the *errata* filled up several pages at the end of each volume. One only I recollect, and I assure you it was by no means the most remarkable, and ran thus, "Book xxi., l. 1456, for *blood*, read *milk*." I remember that your late Corresponding Editor, Mr. Edmund Quincy, had almost as bad luck, to compare small things with great, in a 'leader he wrote for THE STANDARD a dozen years ago, during the reign of your predecessor (who, however, I should say, was absent at the time) in which there were twenty-two material misprints, one of which, I recollect, transformed a worthy "*Deacon*" into a "*Demon*," and another a valued "*Friend*" into a "*Fiend*." Mr. James Russell Lowell, too, who was also a Corresponding Editor at that time, fared about as ill. He contributed a poem entitled, I think, "The Baron," which feudal tyrant in the course of it, very reprehensibly,

> "Set his armed heel upon the *poor*."

The types, however, came to his rescue, and made him only

> "Set his armed heel upon the *floor*"!

A disposition of the same to which it does not seem as if any just exception could be taken. The poet himself said that he did not see where else he could have set it, unless it were on the table or the mantel piece! He might have set it, to be sure, on the window-sill; but the floor was certainly the proper place for it.

Looking the matter up since writing the last paragraph, I find that the Rev. Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, and Professor of Theology in the same, *was* an epic poet. The Conquest of Canaan is an epic poem, in eleven books. Why *eleven*, I cannot say, unless to distinguish himself from all previous masters of the heroic lyre. Perhaps the odd number was preferred for luck, according to the faith in the efficacy of such, as is expressed in Dr. Johnson's earliest poem, composed when he was three years of age:

> "Here lies good master duck,
> That Samuel Johnson trod on;
> If it had lived it had been good luck,
> For then we'd had an odd one!"

But, odd or even, poor Dr. Dwight has not had the luck to be remembered as one of the lights of the Epopee. He is as effectually squelched as was the duckling on which the infant lexicographer set his incautious foot. And yet it had its day, and was reprinted in England, and Cowper, somewhere in his Letters, speaks civilly of it. But how many of my readers, or of all the multitudinous readers of this generation, ever heard of it, or yet of Greenfield Hill, another poem, in seven books—for the reverend poet seems to have affected the uneven in the numbers of his books, if not in the numbers of his song. Only imagine President Woolsey or President Felton writing epic poems on Jews and Gentiles! I shudder at the thought. Thank Heaven, the days of epic poems are gone by! Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, and Tasso, are plenty for all time—past, present and to come. I don't count Ariosto, for the Orlando is about as much an epic as Don Juan. But it is melancholy to consider how much pains was taken for the benefit of "the oblivious cooks." Southey, I remember, in his Letters, complacently compares Joan of Arc and Madoc to Virgil's Eneid, by no means to the disadvantage of the former. Indeed, he points out the particulars in which posterity will acknowledge their superiority over it. And what human being (excepting myself, for *I have*) has read either of them within the last twenty-five years? Time is a fearful devourer of men and their works.

I hardly know how the accidental mention of Dr. Dwight and his poem has led me off into this digression. But episodes are essential parts of epic poems, and it is no wonder that a letter touching upon them should be infected with the same tendency. But, indeed, in order to make a digression one must have a main subject, which, as far as I remember, this letter has not as yet, and I can't find any worthy of any treatment that pleases me.

> "——long choosing and beginning late."

Of course, nobody cares for politics nowadays. Since the Pennsylvania election, I have been assured, on the best Democratic authority, that the election of Lincoln is conceded by all your Democratic leaders. The Bell-everetters, probably, will not know that they have not chosen their men, even after Lincoln is inaugurated. *The Courier* here, the day after that news arrived, still maintained that the Republicans would be defeated in November! But the Democrats are men of sense and men of business, and know when they are beaten. The Belleveretters clearly belong to that class of souls which Swedenborg says (so I am told) may have been dead for a hundred years without having found it out. They certainly have not found out that the Whig party is dead as a door-nail (though why that is deader than a window-nail, I am unable to say), and has been, ever since Mr. Webster cut its throat just before he died and bequeathed its body for dissection to Doctor Frank Pierce. There can be but little fun in a fight in which you know beforehand which party is going to "*whip.*" I am sorry, as you know, that things are going in this way. My choice for President is Mr. Lane or Mr. Johnson. I should have no objection to Mr. Everett were he a Vice-Presidential possibility. With a Republican majority in the House, I think such an arrangement much better, even for them, than the temptation to overcome the bitterness of slaveholding opposition by pro-slavery meannesses. But things must be as they may.

The Democrats have made the only lively diversion that our dulness has experienced, by the exhibition of a fire-eater on the stage of Faneuil Hall, in the person of Mr. Yancey, of Alabama. But as you had him first, you know all about his tricks. The audience was immense, and as civil as great personal discomfort would admit of. There was no intentional disrespect, though occasional interruptions. The Democrats present, who did not probably make up more than half of the company, seemed hugely delighted with all the pro-slavery hits of his speech, and had no displeasure to manifest at his Disunionism. As to that part of his discourse, we could find no fault with it, inasmuch as we hold that a State has a right to secede from the Union whenever, in its opinion, the Union ceases to answer its purpose. Only we think things have reached that pass long ago for the North, and he thinks that it is only likely to do so should Mr. Lincoln be elected. But his politico-economical argument was made up of the usual *bosh* which slaveholders talk on the relative wealth of the South and North. As if the only wealth of a country lay in those products that it exports, instead of those that it consumes and exchanges within itself as well. We do not export our hay crop, and yet, by the slaveholding government's own returns it was worth more, at a very low valuation, by $3,000,000, than all the products of the South, of all kinds, exported or consumed at home, put together. Bonaparte was just such a political economist when he thought to ruin England by closing the Continent to her trade. And yet, to his astonishment, she would persist in growing richer and richer in spite of him, by the manufactures and internal traffic his Continental system fostered. But I am getting a little *preachy*, and may as well stop here as anywhere. In my next letter I may have something to say about the Prince of Wales and his doings here. I trust we shall learn to be wise by your harm, and not sacrifice the expectation of hundreds of thousands of honest people to the gratification of a handful of militia-soldiers in the display of their antics, nor yet risk the integrity of the Royal legs by a pie-crust flooring to a ball-room. D. Y.

DR. CHEEVER'S MOVEMENTS ABROAD.

[Part of a letter from GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq.]

LONDON, Oct. 1, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: Dr. Cheever returned from the Continent on the 28th, in excellent health, after a very pleasant ramble amongst scenes with which he had become familiar from previous visits, and which he has so well described in his published works. Last evening (Sunday, the 30th Sept.) he preached to a crowded audience in the Spafields Chapel. While I write, he is on his way to Leeds, to preach this evening on behalf of the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, with whose laudable exertions, with a view to bring the Methodist body of this country to take right ground on the question of American slavery, you are acquainted. It was this Society that issued and circulated "The Blast of a Trumpet in Zion," a copy of which was sent to every itinerant minister in the Wesleyan connection. On Wednesday, the 3d, the Doctor will address a public meeting in Leeds, Edward Baines, one of the Representatives in Parliament of the city, in the chair. He will then fully unfold the objects of his British mission, and have something to say respecting his opponents in your city and elsewhere. Thus far, the calumnies of his enemies have been his best letters of recommendation to the sympathy and support of the people here. I wish you could have heard the things which I have heard respecting the reverend traducers of our friend, and how their mean and jesuitical arts have been branded. Dr. Cheever will spend the whole of the present week in Leeds and its neighborhood, and be in London again on Saturday, the 6th, to present the object of his mission to metropolitan congregations on Sunday, the 7th, and take up collections in its behalf. Between the 7th and the 14th a meeting of influential persons will be held to concert measures for having a great Cheever demonstration in London, which will be followed by vigorous efforts to awaken the country on the subject, and collect funds for placing the Church of the Puritans beyond the reach of those who desire to see it expelled from Union square. I am sanguine in the belief that the appeal to be made will result in the deliverance of the Church from the power of those who would fain starve it into capitulation.

The Doctor, unable to attend the meeting of the Congregational Union, sent a long letter, extracts from which were read by the Secretary, the Rev. George Smith, after which a resolution, moved by E. Baines, M.P., and seconded by Rev. J. Kelley, of Liverpool, was brought in and adopted with enthusiasm. You will find the proceedings reported in the London *Standard*.

This took place on the 27th ultimo.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH
National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary.
JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, cooperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—now, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,
ELIZA ANDREW,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
SARAH P. REMOND,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY E. STEARNS.

THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NEW YORK is an event not without some claims upon our attention; but our columns are so crowded with matters having a more immediate relation to the anti-slavery cause, that we are constrained to forego both description and commentary. Our readers, however, are not without the means of information upon this interesting topic, and they do not need that we should either "point the moral" or "adorn the tale" for them.

THE WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR

(to be held at the South Shore RAILROAD DEPOT, WEYMOUTH LANDING), will open on TUESDAY EVENING, October 30th, and continue through Wednesday and Thursday.

THE ANNUAL TEA PARTY, at which Mr. EDMUND QUINCY is to preside, will take place at the same Hall on Thursday evening, November 1st. Eloquent speakers from Boston, Weymouth, and neighboring towns are expected.

The Annual DANCING PARTY will be on Friday evening, Nov. 2d.

PERSONAL.

Frederick P. Tracy, once a Methodist clergyman and Abolitionist of Massachusetts, but subsequently a lawyer in California, died recently at Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y., whither he went as a champion of the Republican party. He was an eloquent speaker, and, if he had not unfortunately fallen into intemperate habits, might have done the world high service.

Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, just returned from Kansas, had a conversation with the President and the Secretary of the Interior a few days since, with a view to procure a postponement of the land sales in Kansas. This subject will receive an early executive consideration. The reason for the application is the extreme and wide-spread suffering from the failure of the crops in that Territory. Mr. Hyatt is to proceed to Boston for the purpose of raising means of relief.

The Evening Post is informed by a gentleman returned from Sicily, that the notorious Hugh Forbes has been dismissed from his command of Mezzaro, to which he had been called by Garibaldi in consequence of his having been associated with the Roman revolutionists in 1849, and from a slight acquaintance contracted while he resided in this country. Forbes no sooner entered upon his duties than the unsoundness of his mind was visible to everybody. Extreme in his views, irascible in his temper, self-willed and obstinate, he soon made himself offensive to all. There was not a measure proposed about which he did not disagree with his colleagues, the officers of the army, and especially with the civil authority, which held him in utter abhorrence.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE AND BOOK DEPOSITORY.

AN office, for the sale of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Anti-Capital Punishment, Peace, Spiritual and other publications, has been established at No. 15 Steuben street, Albany, N. Y., near the Delavan House. A general assortment of stationery will be kept on hand for sale on the most favorable terms. Subscriptions for *The Liberator*, NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Anti-Slavery Bugle* (Ohio), *London Anti-Slavery Advocate* and *Herald of Progress*, will be received.

Contributions are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, sustaining Lectures, publishing Tracts for gratuitous distribution, etc., etc.

Donations, Orders for Books and Tracts, and communications relative to anti-slavery and other reform meetings in different parts of the State should be addressed to the general agent,

LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y.

Committee.

S. J. May, M. C. Wright, A. M. Powell,
P. H. Jones, G. B. Baker, L. Mott.
S. B. Anthony, E. C. Stanton.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE new Series now consists of Six Tracts, to which we would again call the attention of our readers and of all friends of Anti-Slavery Reform, as just the publications which the times and the cause now require. Call for them—send for them—circulate them.

No. 1. Correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. 5 cents.
No. 2 Victor Hugo on American Slavery, with letters of other distinguished individuals, viz., De Tocqueville, Mazzini, Humboldt, Lafayette, &c. 5 cents.
No. 3. An Account of some of the Principal Slave Insurrections during the last two Centuries. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 5 cents.
No. 4. The New Reign of Terror in the Slaveholding States, for 1859–'60. 10 cents.
No. 5. The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the West Indies and elsewhere. By L. MARIA CHILD. 10 cents.
No. 6. Daniel O'Connell on American Slavery; with other Irish Testimonies. 5 cents.

The prices will be one-third less where a dozen or more copies are taken.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and 221 Washington street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE STANDARD.—RICHARD D. WEBB, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for the purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
3—Nos. 11, 19, 33, 45, 47.
4—Nos. 13, 27, 36, 45.
5—Nos. 16, 21, 40.
6—Nos. 6, 7, 12, 29, 41, 42, 43, 46.
7—Nos. 5, 6, 8, 11, 20, 50.
8—Nos. 12, 31, 35, 49, 51.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1 to 6, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 20 to end.
11—Nos. 18, 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 10 to end.
13—Nos. 1, 3, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 20, 26, 41 to end.
14—Nos. 28 to end.
16—No. 29.
17—Nos. 5, 27, 42, 47.

Summary.

Louisa, a slave woman of Gen. Miles, of New Orleans, has not only stolen herself, but carried off $7,000 worth of her mistress's jewelry.

The owner of Sims, the fugitive slave living in Boston, has offered to sell him for $1,800, and Mrs. Lydia Maria Child is endeavoring to collect the amount. A sister of Sims is with him in Boston.

SLAVERY TO BE ABOLISHED IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.—It is announced that the Legislature of Holland, which has just assembled, will take measures immediately to altogether abolish slavery in the Dutch West Indies.

A slave in Richmond, Va., a day or two ago, asked some favor of his owner, which was refused. He was so enraged at having his wishes thwarted that he determined to make his master suffer for it, so he took a hatchet and deliberately chopped off three of his own fingers.

COMMITTED FOR KILLING A SLAVE.—The Coroner yesterday, says *The New Orleans Crescent* of the 28th ult., examined the witnesses in the matter of the killing of the slave man Louis, belonging to Mr. Billaud, by Dr. Williams, in the Magazine market, on the 13th inst., he giving the negro a blow on the head with his cane, which subsequently resulted in death.

Two negroes from Missouri have taken $5,000 worth of gold from the Pike's Peak mines, the past season. One of them was a slave two years since, but bought his freedom. He is now on his way to his own home in Missouri to purchase his wife, who is held as a slave in Independence.

KIDNAPPING.—A negro lad of 21, and a girl of 17, being brother and sister, were lately kidnapped in Iowa, taken to St. Louis, and offered for sale. A telegraphic dispatch arrived just in time to save them from slavery, and secure the arrest of the kidnappers.

A free Negro was arraigned in Memphis, Tennessee, a few days since, charged with being in the State contrary to law. In defence, he stated that he was a native of Bermuda and a British subject, and that Lord Lyons had once before certified to that fact—whereupon he was given twenty days' grace.

REV. MR. BEWLEY.—We learn from *The Central Advocate* that Rev. Mr. Bewley was not hung by a Texan mob last month, as has been currently reported and believed. A communication to that paper, post-marked Urbana, Mo., Sept. 14th, states, that Mr. Bewley was alive at that time, though in the hands of ruffians ready to deliver him up on the receipt of the promised reward, $1,000.

ADDRESS BY A MULATTO.—*The Petersburg* (Va.) *Express* of the 24th inst., contains the following novel special notice: "Public Address.—We are requested to state that James Cramp, a mulatto man, servant of John Seddon, Esq., of Stafford, and who expects shortly to go to Liberia as a missionary, will deliver an address in the basement of the Tabb street Presbyterian church this evening at 7 o'clock."

ARE NEGRO CHURCHES NUISANCES?—An injunction is about being applied for, to prevent the erection of a chapel for the colored race, on Fourth street, Richmond, Virginia. The grounds of the application are, that negro churches are nuisances in all respectable neighborhoods—that they depreciate the value of all other property near them—and that the congregations are a perpetual annoyance. The case is to come before Judge Lyons in a day or two, when probably the Mayor and the police will be called on as witnesses for the complainants.

THE MARYLAND FREE NEGRO LAW.—The onerous law of the last session of the Legislature, applicable to free negroes in Baltimore County, Queen Anne's and other Counties, is to be voted on at the Presidential election, each voter depositing a ballot for or against the law. It authorizes the hiring out of free negroes from the age of five years and upwards until they are thirty years of age, and in case they run away or secrete themselves, directs that they shall be sold as slaves for life.

THE STATE OF SOCIETY THAT SOME PEOPLE WANT TO EXTEND INTO THE TERRITORIES.—A lady of this city, who recently visited Virginia (in the slave section), informs us that while there not only was she not permitted to receive a Pittsburg paper, but private letters were found to have been opened by the Postmaster or his clerk, for fear that something "incendiary" might be going on. Is this freedom—such freedom as we should desire to extend into the Territories? The meanest tyranny of Europe is not worse than this—that even a woman cannot receive a paper, or be secure against the sneaking and prying into her private letters by "dirty dogs" in the Post Office.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Another of our foreign consuls has had an opportunity to make himself ridiculous, and of course he did it. The African Institute of Paris, the object of which is the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, and the elevation of the negro, naturally supposing that a representative of our Government in Africa would have an interest in their objects, voted Mr. Edwin De Leon, United States consul in Egypt, honorary member, and sent him a respectful announcement of the fact. Mr. De Leon replied, professing great respect and gratitude for the honor intended, but takes the occasion to rehash our American twaddle about "mistaken philanthropy, wiser than Providence," the terrible results of negro emancipation in St. Domingo, etc. When shall we be represented abroad by men of sense and men who are not behind, not this age only, but all ages, in their social and political opinions?

HAYTIEN AGENT SENT OUT OF ALABAMA.—*The Mobile Register*, of Wednesday morning, says:

"We are informed that an agent of Geffrard, the President of the negro republic of Hayti, arrived in this city yesterday by the mail boat from New Orleans, for the purpose of enlisting emigrants among our free colored population, to whom great inducements in the way of lands, exemption from taxes, etc., are held out in Hayti. He was provided with letters from the Mayor of New Orleans and others, but there being no power in our local authorities to suspend—even had it been desirable—the well-known law of prohibiting free negroes from entering the State of Alabama, the colored ambassador was forced to retrace his steps and return by yesterday's boat to where he came from, though the law in this case was not applied in all its stringency."

A FEMALE EMISSARY.—An examination on Friday morning was held by Mayor Macbeth of one Mrs. Catherine Botsford, a female of rather prepossessing appearance, charged by several respectable citizens with uttering and disseminating among our slave population seditious sentiments. During the investigation she admitted entertaining the abolition sentiments attributed to her, and of being an admirer of John Brown. She denied, however, any attempt to circulate her opinions. The evidences and affidavits submitted showed to the contrary, and she was required to give bail in the sum of $300 for her good behavior. Failing in this, she was turned over to magistrate Kanapaux, who committed her to jail. The accused states that she resided in the city about nine months, during which time she has followed the occupation of a seamstress. She also states that she had hoped to obtain the situation of a teacher. The case will probably undergo investigation at the January term of the Court of General Sessions.—*Charleston Courier, Sept. 29.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—On the subject of woman's rights, Hon. Edward Everett recently said in a speech at the dedication of a school house in Boston:

"With the acknowledged equality of woman in general intellectual endowments, though tending in either sex to an appropriate development, with her admitted superiority to man in tact, sensibility, physical and moral endurance, quickness of perception, and power of accommodation to circumstances, give her for two or three generations equal advantages of mental culture, and the lords of creation will have to carry more guns than they do at present, to keep her out of the enjoyment of anything which sound reason and fair experiment shall show to be of her rights."

PLUCK.—A gentleman in Northampton, Massachusetts, who is concerned in the manufacture of cotton goods, gets up an article which he pleases to call the "Lincoln cotton drilling," not in honor of "Honest Abe," however, for the name was applied long before Abraham was thought of outside the Sucker State. A few days since he received a letter from a firm in Boston, desiring him to strike off the name of Lincoln from his goods, as they wished to consign a large amount of them for the Southern market, but so long as they bore the name of Lincoln it was useless sending them below Mason & Dixon's line. The manufacturer replied that he should not change the name, but they wrote to him a second time and told him they wanted and must have the goods, and if he would change the name they would give him a very large order. He assured them that he should not change his purpose, and they could take his goods as they were marked, or let them alone.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY IN BROOKLYN.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, has owned and managed a bowling alley for several years, which is as much an institution of the Church as its weekly prayer meeting. There the pastor and his lay brethren and sisters meet to develop their muscle, with occasional visits from other pastors in the city whose parishes are not provided with any such means of physical grace. Under the inspiration of Mr. Beecher, and the members of his Church, the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn are proposing to build a large gymnasium, on the joint stock principle, so arranged as to afford every approved means of physical recreation to both sexes, under regulations as safe for manners and morals as any other social intercourse. The movement is an excellent one, and should be encouraged and imitated. The means of physical exercise and amusement in the cities, the billiard and bowling saloons, are too generally in bad association with drinking and gambling establishments, and many a young man who frequents them from proper motives is led into corrupting associations and evil habits, which bring him to infinitely worse suffering than would come from the entire neglect of muscular exercise.—*Springfield Republican.*

MORE SOUTHERN PROSCRIPTION.—The excitement in regard to abolitionism continues at the South. There was a thorough alarm, a few weeks since, at Silver Hill in the Beaufort District in South Carolina, from the startling intelligence that a large gang of free negroes were assembled on the plantation of a Mr. John N. Smith. A committee forthwith waited upon said Smith with the request that the entire gang should be removed within forty-eight hours. Thinking—mistaken man!—that he was master of his own plantation, he declared that he would do no such thing. Gradually the report got in circulation that he had declared himself opposed to slavery, and forthwith the Vigilance Society set themselves in earnest to look after him.

A large company of armed men, proceeded to Smith's plantation, and seized him and his sons. Having secured them, they summoned a general council of all the vigilants in the district, which met September 25, and ordered that he should be taken out of the State in the shortest possible time, and be hung if he returned. The father and sons were accordingly escorted by twenty-five armed men to the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, carried thence to Savannah, and put on board a steamer, and the citizens manifested their joy by firing twenty-five guns at their departure.

SENATOR SEWARD.—The London *Daily News* calls Mr. Seward's speech to the citizens of Detroit "a noble effort, which reads like the first song of triumph in honor of the beneficent revolution in the national policy of the United States which will be inaugurated by the election of Mr. Lincoln in next November. While Mr. Seward was yet a candidate for the Presidency the composition of his speeches was alloyed by a too evident desire to conciliate the 'conservatives' of the North, and disappointed the earnest men of his party. His labored speech in the Senate, after his return from his Oriental tour, called forth the fierce sarcasm of the great Abolitionist, Mr. Wendell Phillips, upon his 'parade of the dictionary.' Since the Republican National Convention set the New York senator aside in favor of 'honest old Abe' of Illinois, the play of his intellect is freer, and the speech at Detroit has never been surpassed either by himself or the other Republican orators of the United States. He begins by saying that the Federal government of the United States 'has failed to secure respect and good-will abroad' and 'good order, contentment, and harmony at home.'"

THE QUAKERS ARE OUT.—The following *jeu d'esprit* on the Pennsylvania election is from the pen of Whittier:

> Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,
> The buds of our hope have burst out into flowers.
> No room for misgiving—no loophole of doubt—
> We've heard from the Keystone! The Quakers are out.
>
> The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick;
> The bribe goes a begging; the fusion won't stick.
> When the Wide-Awake lanterns are shining about,
> The rogues stay at home, and the true men come out!
>
> The good State has broken the cords for her spun;
> Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one;
> The Dutchman has seasoned with Freedom his krout;
> And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out!
>
> Give the flags to the winds!—set the hills all aflame;
> Make way for the man with the patriarch's name!
> Away with misgivings—away with all doubt,
> For LINCOLN goes in when the Quakers come out!

Special Notices.

THE PHILADELPHIA FAIR SEWING CIRCLE.—The Philadelphia Fair Sewing Circle will meet on Wednesday evening, Oct. 24th, at the house of Mrs. Margaret A. Griscom, No. 1024 Arch street.

THE MONTHLY UNION ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING for November will be held in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 12, at 7½ o'clock. This meeting is free to all the friends of the slave, without regard to sect or party. It is uniformly interesting and profitable. Come, one and all!

CANASTOTA.—An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Canastota, in the Free Church, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 20th and 21st. Rev. BERIAH GREEN, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and AARON M. POWELL will be in attendance as speakers.

Hon. GERRIT SMITH and GEORGE W. PUTNAM have been invited, and it is expected will be present.

Let there be a large gathering of the friends of freedom.

HATERS OF TOBACCO.—The publications of the American Anti-Tobacco Society you will find at the Depository, Fitchburg, Mass. There are *fifty different Tracts*, embellished with cutting cuts, grave and humorous, designed for saints and sinners, bishops and boys, doctors, deacons and dandies; in short, for all intelligencies who chew the cud or revel in smoke. One dollar will furnish you with *two hundred tracts*. Friend, order them, spread them, and begin a Reform about you at once.

Also, the Zoological Temperance Convention, the Life of Rev. Solomon Spittle, Uncle Toby's Stories about Tobacco for Young America, Anti-Tobacco Envelopes, Medals and Handsome Cards for Bands of Hope. This card has the Comprehensive Pledge, a pledge which will be used by all Bands who choose to be *consistent* or *safe* on temperance principles.

One hundred cards, one copy of Uncle Toby, and one copy of Solomon Spittle, for one dollar, including express or postage. GEORGE TRASK.

Fitchburg, Mass.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

NEW ENGLAND.

Give me my old New England home,
I ask no fairer clime
In East, or West, or sunny South,
Or on the castled Rhine.

I love it for the Fathers' sake,
Who, by their earnest toil,
Made here a home for liberty,
On this our native soil.

Their sturdy hearts and manly arms,
Alike in weal and woe,
Clung firmly round the ark of God,
Against their foreign foe.

I love it for the patriot blood
Around its altars shed,
When foes were trampling on its soil,
And men for freedom bled.

Our noble sires, on every field
Where Right has conquered Might,
Where Freedom was the battle-cry,
Were foremost in the fight.

I love it for its common schools,
New England's honest pride;
I love it for the countless spires
That dot the country's side.

I love it for its hills and vales,
Its rocks and rugged soil,
Where thrift and industry find root
In hardy, manly toil.

I love it, more than all the rest,
As Freedom's earliest home,
A refuge to the wanderer,
Who through the world doth roam.

I love it for the noble place
It takes in Freedom's van,
The leader of the mighty hosts
That break oppression's bands.

From East to West, where'er the sun
Its heat and light sends down,
New England's sons, New England men
Make Freedom's war-cry sound.

When wintry winds blow o'er the hills,
And storms sweep down the vale;
When ice binds up the rocky shores,
And stiffens all the sails;

Her hardy sons of toil come forth
And make the woods resound,
As giant oaks and rugged pines
Come crashing to the ground.

The wildest winds of winter may
Among our bleak hills roar;
We cling the closer to our home,
And love it all the more.

Brookline, Mass., Oct. 9, 1860. J. B. M.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

There is something very pleasant in the appearance of a new house. The walls are so clean, the roof so perfect, the windows so cheerful-looking, and the very doors seeming so ready to open without any noise or difficulty on their hospitable hinge. And yet we are forced to confess that, though a new house gives one very agreeable ideas of comfort and convenience, it is not so picturesque as an old one. The scenery of England would lose very much of its beauty if its fields and parks were not dotted over with quaint, gable-ended mansions, ornamented with tall chimneys, and steep red-tiled roofs, grown gray with the rains and sunshine of two or three hundred years. Castles, also, perched like a robber on some eminence, to command a view of the public road at its foot, lifting their towers and turrets up into the sky, form a beautiful feature in the landscape, and add a new sort of interest to the tract of country we are journeying through. But does it ever strike one traveller out of ten, what is the cause of the interest we take in these old dwellings? It can't be their mere shape and position, for it is possible to devise more regular plans, and to discover more fitting situations. No—it is the history of the human feelings, of which these places have been the theatre, that involuntarily rises to our minds; it is the cares, the loves, the joys and sorrows of which those old walls have been the witnesses, that invest them, to the thoughtful heart, with a far deeper and more enduring interest than ever can attach themselves to stone and lime. Not a house in all England that has stood for two hundred years, that has not a tale to tell that would astonish the writers of romance; not a room that has not its memory of death or marriage—of the bride coming into it in the splendor of her beauty—of the same, when fifty years have past, being carried out of it, mourned by her descendants of the third generation; or, perhaps, neglected and forgotten as one who has lived too long. But who is there that can chronicle all the deeds of cruelty or of kindness, the vicissitudes of misery or happiness, that have occurred in those old houses? It must be sufficient for the traveller to know, that wherever men and women have resided these incidents must have occurred—children must have been born, must have died—in their youth, in their manhood, in their old age—and sights and sounds, hopes and disappointments and sorrows, must have been as profusely scattered along the devious paths that conducted them from the cradle to the grave, as we ourselves find them in our daily progress from the same starting-point to the same end. It is the recollections, then (if we may call them so, since they are not of any particular incident, but only of the inevitable events that we may venture to take on trust)—it is the memory of the past, and not the architectural style of the building, that gives such a charm to the queer corners and innumerable windows of a mansion of the days of old. In themselves, many people have maintained that those broken lines and fantastic ornaments are not half so beautiful as the plain solidity of the Grecian architecture and the massive solemnity of the palaces of Italy; but to us English they assume a higher character than any mere beauty of collocation can bestow, for they are treasuries of English feelings—English history—English life. Elizabeth rises before us as she stood when the Armada was defeated. Charles I., with his ceremonious stateliness—the Cavaliers and the Roundheads—the burly figure and unconquerable will of Oliver Cromwell—the resolute independence of Hampden—the chivalrous courage of Walter Raleigh, and the sweet feminine grace of Lucy Hutchinson or Lady Russell. These are the thoughts and associations that make an old house so charming; but first—for one doesn't like even to be pleased on false pretences—is the house old? Has it stood in cloud and sunshine all those years? Is it contemporary with the historic men whose time its style of architecture recalls? If so—all hail, old farm and manor!—walled castle and moated grange!—for humanity has breathed its spirit into your stones, and you grow half human yourselves from having sheltered so many generations of men. But if it is not in reality an old house—if it was built yesterday, and pretends to have stood, as we now see it, gray with artificial mosses, crumbling even, in some parts, with artificial ruin—what are we to say?

If the builder's receipt is not yet dry, and it pretends, notwithstanding, to whisper to us about Henry VIII., and Bloody Mary, and James I., what shall we think of it? Why, that it is an impostor—that it is like a London beggar of thirty or forty years old, who turns up the whites of his eyes, and totters as he walks, leaning heavily on a stick, with a placard on his bosom, bearing in large characters, "Thomas Tudor, an old man of a hundred and five, past work and totally blind." It ought to be looked on as extorting admiration from us under false pretences, and not a bit more respectable than any other deceiver. A house of the nineteenth century should be a house for the nineteenth century to live in. The fifteenth century was a blustering, quarrelsome fellow, and lived in a house with strong barricades all round it, his walls pierced with narrow holes, through which he could shoot his visitors, if he did not think they were approaching him in a friendly manner. The sixteenth century improved a little on this, but still flanked his house with turrets that commanded the entrance-door, and had an immense gate studded with iron nails, and insurmountable walls round his courtyard. The seventeenth grew still more civilized. He turned the ramparts of his house into a shrubbery, and the dried-up bed of the moat into a bowling green. But the house was still on the look-out for dangers, and had a tower where a sentinel took note of what was passing within his range. The eighteenth was a remarkably peaceful individual, and took down his turrets, and made his guardroom into the dairy, and the dungeons into wine and beer cellars. He also introduced straight walks into his garden, turned the moat into a fishpond, and cut all his trees into the shapes of men, and peacocks, and elephants, and other objects of natural history. He also discharged his warder, and paid for protection by a subscription to the county police. He was a snug, careful, pushing fellow, and laid out more money on his warehouses than on his private dwelling, for he began to smell from afar the spices of India, and the cotton-fields of America, and the commerce of the world, and the empire of the seas. And then came in the nineteenth century, such a being as has never been seen before. He upset all the thrones of Europe in his youth, and kicked them about as if they were really nothing but old chairs. He put a little water into a pot, and put some coals under it, and by the aid of a few wheels and axles, he careers up rivers where civilized man never penetrated before; he crosses the Atlantic at fifteen miles an hour against wind and tide; he beats the furthest waters of the Pacific into a white foam around his paddles. But he does more. He makes the sun himself draw his landscapes. He makes the lightning itself carry his messages, and he pauses at this moment on the top of the elevation he has reached, not to rest contented with the contemplation of the valleys at his feet, but to take a wider survey of the lands still to be discovered—the powers yet to be evoked from the cells in which they have been hidden from every eye but his. And now this nineteenth century — this "heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time"—can't find out a style of architecture stamped with his own image and character, to be transmitted to his descendants as a sample of his genius and disposition, but is forced to go back and hide his poverty of invention in a large, high turreted, square towered, moated, drawbridged, narrow windowed, winding staired, long passaged, windy, gusty, out and in, up and down, old Gothic castle, exactly the same as would have been built for his great-great-grandfather, while Warwick the king-maker and other turbulent barons were fighting with Henry VI.

Now what do we of these peaceful days, when two policemen dressed in blue keep a whole district in order—what do we want with drawbridges and portcullises, and donjon towers, and bartisans, and turrets? There was a fitness for all these things in the days of old. The lord of the mansion dined in his hall with all his friends and retainers. When the meals were over, the serving men, the men-at-arms, the dependants of the household, lay down upon the straw with which the floor was covered, and the hall became the dormitory of the family. No wonder, therefore, the hall was the largest apartment in the house, with the handsomest and widest fireplace, the greatest appearance of comfort, and the most habitable look. It is a fit subject for laughter to see a new house rising with a prodigious hall. It is a great waste of space—it is a reproduction of a fashion when the significancy of it is worn out. Things ought always to be in keeping with each other; and when a worthy citizen retires from trade, and builds him a feudal fortalice instead of a cottage ornee, he ought certainly to exchange his taglioni or comfortable greatcoat for a cuirass of steel, or at least for a buff jerkin. His black hat, or, if he is a wise man, his wide-awake, must give place to helm and visor. He must dine in the great hall on a boar roasted whole, and never take a quiet ride on his shooting pony without an immense sword by his side, and a spear in his hand, wherewith to hack to pieces and transfix any of his tenants with whom he is not altogether pleased. These observations, however, are meant to apply only to houses of recent date. The old should by all means be continued in the enjoyment of every original feature; repairs must be conducted in the taste and spirit of the primitive building. If it be of Henry the Eighth's time, let not one alteration be made so as to confound it with the cognate style of Elizabeth and James. If it is still earlier, keep to it in all its external design. Show us the complete mansion of the heroes of the Crusades—of the men who fought at Crecy and Poictiers—of the conquerors at Agincourt, of adherents of the rival Roses, and they will be pictorial representations to us of great historic periods, landmarks to guide us in our inquiries into the state of architecture, and thence of manners, at different times. Now, we have seen that preceding ages have built up monuments for themselves in stone and lime, from which, without any inscription, we can read their epitaphs with the utmost ease. Is this to be the only age that is to die and make no sign? Having done everything else, can't we build a nineteenth century house?

Our earliest ancestors in this island lived in bee-hives: that is, on three crossed sticks was put a little thatch, which reached to the ground, leaving only an opening on the surface for the inhabitant to creep in by. What stone and lime, polished deals and smooth slates were to them, let some new and hitherto unused material be to us. Let us take the glazed and hollow bricks in the mean time, as an advance on our previous ways; but let us persevere in availing ourselves of anything that ingenuity suggests, and a moderate experience warrants, and not many years will elapse before we talk of the period of poor, tasteless, shapeless stone cottages and tile roofs, as we now talk of the period of the Ichthyosaurus and the Megatherion, and other extinct monsters of frightful ugliness and very little use. Nobody denies that in every district there are many comfortable looking and pretty dwellings—houses of a pleasant, habitable appearance, that tell you the occupiers are very well off in the world—people with pleasant balances at their bankers, regular appetites at five o'clock, and the bedroom candles brought in punctually at half-past ten. This is a style of house that fulfils one of the purposes for which we contend—namely, that the outside of a mansion should give you some idea of what sort of being the inhabitant of it is; and what may be called the middle class dwelling house, being adapted for a middle class such as never existed before, does certainly bear the impress of the middle class for whom it is designed. There would be no mistaking its comfortable boiled beef and turnip sort of expression, for the "fozy or starve" look of a Scotch tower; but a modern antiquity is like a false date, it is apt to mislead, and has the same amount of fitness as if a sane man were to raise a house for himself according to the plan and elevation of a lunatic asylum; or a gentleman at large were to build an exact imitation of a model prison.

But there is one style of building which it is to be hoped will never change, and that is the ecclesiastical. The church that is built to-day should always have the same distinctive features as the churches that first uprose in this island in the light of Christianity. There is no false date here, no assumption of antiquity, nothing that misleads the observer. And the reason is this. There is a sameness in the purpose to which it is devoted. The worship now carried on within it, though of a purer form, is addressed to the same unchangeable and Almighty Being who heard the first prayers of the converted heathen in this land. There is no change of manners here, as has occurred in the inhabitant of the modern feudal castle, and therefore there is no impropriety in preserving the same style of building, which has become consecrated in our minds by the one unvarying use to which it has been applied. To show how completely this is the case, we have only to imagine how absurd the appearance would be of a dwelling house built on this model—a little library in the bell tower, or a bedroom in the steeple. Churches and chapels were equally deficient some years ago, in the application of the ecclesiastical style. You rode through a village, and you saw a barn at one end of it, with a belfry, and a barn at the other without a belfry. One was the church and the other the chapel; both applied to the one holy purpose of teaching and prayer, and both utterly destitute of the outward appearance of a place of worship at all. In both a great improvement has taken place. The poorest of dissenting bodies endeavor to bestow some adornment on the outside of their temple—a lance window or a peaked gable end; the most outlying parishes are ambitious also of showing some outward sign of their Christian profession in the repairing and amending of their churches. In all, you will see an approach to the old ecclesiastical style—a divergence, as far as possible, from the appearance of an inhabited house—of a town hall—of a shop—or of a feudal tower. People need not worship with less devotion that their meetings are held in a chapel which can no longer be mistaken for a cow shed, nor that their parish church is no longer allowed to have one of the transepts walled off and used as a pigsty.

But we will now put an end to this disquisition on architecture, and ask the reader's attention to the short and simple annals of a real old building—the best known, and perhaps the most characteristic in England—with more tales of terror and interest about it than ever clustered, like ill-omened ravens, round a building before—a building that, in all the changes of our history, has still borne its bad preëminence as the home of despair and sorrow. The groans that have resounded through those dismal chambers, the screams that have started the sentinel on guard, proceeding from tortured prisoners—the broken hearts that beat their last in those dungeons—the agonies, the fears that have thrilled human bosoms in that awful dwelling—invest it with a gloomy horror that was never equalled in the pages of fiction. The Castle of Otranto, and the mysterious Udolpho, are mere commonplace habitations compared to it. For eight centuries it has shown its haggard and grim face to the world; and we are now going to recall some particulars of its history, which will perhaps make us not quite so much in love, as some people are, or pretend to be, with the chivalrous grandeur of our ancestors, and the superiority of the "good old times."

On the left bank of the river Thames, just below where the Custom House is, in convenient juxtaposition with the magnificent docks which, with their crowded tiers of shipping, their innumerable flags, and vast variety of languages, place modern trade and universality of interest at once face to face with ancient isolation and power—is seen as we go down in a steamboat for a day's holiday to Greenwich, a square built, low, and dingy pile, which has no feature of attraction either from grandeur or beauty of design, but which all turn to look at when they are told it is the Tower of London. Who originally built it is not known. Some, of course, say Julius Cæsar; others are more modest, and say it was built in the time of Constantine the Great; and there are certainly some very strong proofs that on this site stood a fortress, a mint, or other building of the Romans in the time of Honorius, or three hundred and ninety-five years after Christ. But however this may be, the first historic record of its erection is in the reign of William the Conqueror, who built the White Tower to curb the rebellious Saxons, under the superintendence of his architect Gundulf, who, besides handling the measuring line, found time to exercise the duties, or at least to spend the emoluments, of the bishopric of Rochester.

In the course of time it offered such security against attack, that it became an object of great importance to the factions into which this kingdom was divided. It was strengthened by walls and bastions. Kings fled to it for safety, or intrusted it to the favored of their vassals. Armed men were ready to be let loose with fire and sword on the disobedient or discontented citizens of London: dungeons were added to the other chambers of the castle; prisoners of consequence were committed to its impenetrable walls; Jews were tortured, till they surrendered the last farthing of their hard-earned gains. Patriots like the Scottish Wallace, or the Welsh Llewellyn, expiated their hatred of oppression with their blood in these miserable dens: and by the time it had arrived at its greatest strength, and very nearly at its present form and extent, in the reign of Edward III., it was a name which created an involuntary shudder in the stoutest hearts. From it went in procession on their coronation days, all the kings of England, from Richard II. till James II., a period of three hundred years. The Tower, throughout the life of the first of these potentates, played a very conspicuous part. It was the scene of the grandeur and magnificence of his youthful days. Festivals and assemblies were held in it, that eclipsed the magnificence of the court of France. The flood of splendor was indeed so great, that it overflowed into a place which is certainly not connected in our minds either with floods or splendor. Where thousands of cattle were lately penned up, for the weekly sustenance of two millions and a half of hungry Cockneys; where the bellowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting of pigs, and the baaing of calves, were the only sounds that disturbed the serenity of Smithfield, knightly trumpets uttered their inspiring notes, summoning the great and gay to tournament and revel, and ladies whispered words of encouragement in the ears of their favorite champions. The first day of these ostentatious rejoicings in the year 1390, was termed the Feast of Challenge; and "about three o'clock in the afternoon," says the old chronicler of their doings, "there issued out of the Tower of London, first three score of coursers apparelled, for the juistes, and on every one an esquier of honor ridyng a soft pace, and then issued out threescore ladies of honor, mounted on fayre palfreys, riding on the one side, richly apparelled; and every lady ledde a knight with a cheyne of sylver, which knights were apparelled to juiste; and thus they came riding alonge the streetes of London with great number of trumpettes and other mynstrelles, and so came to Smithfield, where the king and queen and many ladies and demoiselles were ready in chambers richly adorned to see the juistes." But the Tower was spectator of a very different scene in which the same king was a performer. The same streets that were witnesses of the glories of his Smithfield shows, were witnesses also of his fall. He was taken as a prisoner to the Tower, by his successful rival, Henry of Bolingbroke, and there made resignation of his crown. Here is Shakspeare's description of his miserable ride in the train of his triumphant conqueror:

> "As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
> Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
> Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him:
> No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
> But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
> Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
> His face still combating with tears and smiles,
> The badges of his grief and patience,
> That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
> The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
> And barbarism itself have pitied him."

It was perhaps right that the tower, which was first converted by this king into the place of execution of State offenders, should have been the scene of his own unhappiness and degradation. From that time, for several years, the axe was seldom still—the favorites of one year became the victims of the next. Tower Hill streamed with blood—the tower dungeons echoed with groans. Tyranny, ambition, cruelty, ignorance and superstition, all by turns opened those dismal portals, which were only once again to turn on their hinges when the murderer slipped in to do his dreadful work in secret, or the prisoner was openly conducted to death upon the scaffold. Nobles, warriors, heroes, statesmen, judges and scholars—even the beauty of women and the dignity of queens—could not escape the dreadful doom; and very frightful is it to read, in the records of that awful prison-house, the names of patriots and martyrs of which our country is now so proud; and still more dreadful to reflect, that those great and illustrious names which still survive, are but the scattered mountain-tops, as it were, on which the light of history has rested. But what are we to think of the valleys where the sunshine has never shone—the unnumbered, unnamed, unregarded prisoners who pined in those gloomy vaults, and counted the hours in vain, shut out forever from the upper world, condemned without trial, and executed without justice! We can talk now with some patience of these things, because they have ceased to be enacted for so long—because the light of the Reformation and the law of the Constitution have made their way into that unhallowed building as into our private houses, and modern civilization has converted it into an arsenal for arms, and a pleasant quarter for a few soldiers—a sight for the Cockneys on their holidays, and a comfortable command for a time-honored general.

But in 1417 the state of feeling was very different, and any expression of sympathy with human suffering would not have been understood. The tower stood black and solid as the representative of the spirit of the time. Even the best and noblest were as deeply stained as the base and cruel with the curse of unforgiveness and the heart of stone. Harry the Fifth, whom we still call the most heroic of our kings, seems not to have been capable of any feeling of generosity or pity. His enemies, the princes of France, taken in open battle defending their country from his ambition, were here imprisoned for dreary years, till a ransom was exacted that left them impoverished for life. Here languished warriors and chiefs as brave as himself; and here for several years was confined the young and gallant James I. of Scotland, who had been seized by the piratical vessels of Henry IV., when there was no war between the kingdoms, and when there was, therefore, no pretence for an attack. These were the ideas of justice and honor that were paramount in the feudal times; the same justice and honor would infallibly conduct the possessors of them, at the present day, first to their county jail, secondly to Norfolk Island. James, the young king, grew used to his imprisonment, cultivated letters and music, and, finally, as idleness often leads to foolish actions, he fell in love with a beautiful young lady whom he saw from the turret window of his tower at Windsor. He by some means got a messenger persuaded to carry her his verses. They were filled with praises of her loveliness; and, as she understood he was very handsome, and a king, she thought the verses particularly fine; and as she was a member of the royal family, and had interest with the king of England, the end of the story is happier than most stories of love at first sight, for, after the death of the iron-hearted Henry, James was released from his prison, and married the Lady Jane, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

(To be concluded next week.)

CHRIST SAVING THE NATIONS.

O Christ, before whose Cross we fall,
Who bendest to the bended knee,
Who savest us, who lovest all—
To Thee, from every land and sea,
Thy Father's erring children call!

For still by Thee the lost are found;
And still, unseen, on Calvary stands
Thy Cross, whose shadow on the ground
Creeps east and west through many lands,
Until it wraps the world around!

O sacred Cross! O wondrous sign!
—However wide the nations reach,
From Southern palm to Northern pine,
Each human heart is bound to each—
Each, by Thy Cross, is bound to Thine!

Alike the pale, the dusky skin;
No face turns vainly to the skies!
The wide world's tribes are Thine to win!
—Ope all the gates of Paradise,
Till all the nations enter in!

THEODORE TILTON.

Grotius.—There are many places of great historical interest also, which were passed on this lower portion of the Rhine, among which may be mentioned particularly Dordrecht, or Dort, some two hours above Rotterdam, where the celebrated Synod of Dort was held in 1618, and the Castle of Lovestein, a few miles higher up, where the celebrated and learned Grotius was imprisoned from 1619 to 1622, and from which imprisonment he was delivered by the ingenuity of his wife. It was here that Grotius composed his celebrated work, "*Jus Belli et Pacis.*" While engaged on this work, he was accustomed to have books conveyed to him in a chest, which he had borrowed, for reference. His watchful wife observed, after some time, that the guards allowed the chest of books to pass without that rigid scrutiny which had at first been observed.

Thinking nothing was in it but huge volumes of learned lore, they at length permitted it to pass without opening it at all. At length, the good Frau Grotius caused some air-holes to be bored in the chest, and her husband to be deposited in it, in place of the books. It was then carried out, accompanied by the maid, whom she had let into the secret, while the wife remained at a window (which is still pointed out) watching the result of her experiment. One of the soldiers, taking hold of the chest to lift it into the boat, observed that it was "uncommonly heavy." "Oh!" said the maid, "it is the Arminian books which are so heavy;" when the soldier replied, with a laugh, little suspecting that his words were true, "Perhaps it is the Arminian himself." However, the chest, with Grotius in it, was safely deposited in the boat, and when fairly out of danger, the girl made a signal with her handkerchief to her mistress that all was right.—*Cor. of the N. Y. Chronicle.*

GARIBALDI.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

He bent his head upon his breast
Wherein his lion-heart lay sick:
"Perhaps we are not ill repaid—
Perhaps this is not a true test;
Perhaps that was not a foul trick;
Perhaps none wronged, and none betrayed.

II.

"Perhaps the people's vote which here
United, there may disunite,
And both be lawful as they think.
Perhaps a patriot statesman, dear
For chartering nations, can with right
Disfranchise those who hold the ink.

III.

"Perhaps men's wisdom is not craft;
Men's greatness not a selfish greed;
Men's justice not the safer side.
Perhaps even women when they laughed,
Wept, thanked us that the land was freed,
Not wholly (though they kissed us) lied.

IV.

"Perhaps no more than this we meant,
When up at Austria's guns we flew
And spiked them with a cry apiece,
'*Italia!*'—Yet a dream was sent . .
The little house my father knew,
The olives and the palms of Nice."

V.

He paused, and drew his sword out slow—
Then peered upon the blade intent,
As if to read some written thing;
While many murmured, "He will go
In that despairing sentiment,
And break his sword before the King."

VI.

He poring still upon the blade,
His large lip quivered, something fell.
"Perhaps," he said, "I was not born
With such fine brains to treat and trade—
And if a woman knew it well
Her falsehood only meant her scorn.

VII.

"Yet through Varese's cannon-smoke
My eye saw clear; men feared this man
At Como, where this sword could deal
Death's protocol at every stroke,
And now . . the drop there, scarcely can
Impair the keenness of the steel.

VIII.

"So man and sword may have their use;
And if the soil beneath my foot
In valor's act is forfeited,
I'll strike the harder, take my dues
Out nobler, and the loss confute
From ampler heavens above my head.

IX.

"My King, King Victor, I am thine!
So much Nice-dust as what I am
(To make our Italy) must cleave.
Forget that."—Forward with a sign
He went.—You've seen the telegram?
Palermo's taken, we believe.

—*Independent.*

LORD BROUGHAM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. CHEEVER.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Paris, September, 1860.

Before the prorogation of the British Parliament we were favored, by the courtesy of Lord Brougham, with an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of the British House of Lords, and their method of transacting business. Lord Brougham had had the kindness to appoint an interview with us in his private room in the Parliament buildings, and from that the party accompanied him into the House, which was in session, and, as the event proved, quite a remarkable session, an evening to be marked and remembered. From the notes sketched by one of the party in the scene, I send you some account of it. The place of observation was just outside the bar which separates the House proper from that portion of it reserved for peeresses, the sons of peers and members of the House of Commons. Another evening we had the opportunity of listening to Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, but the occasion of Lord Brougham's speaking was the more rare and estimable.

The Chamber of Lords is a magnificent specimen of that florid Norman style in which the late Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the new legislative palace, delighted. But there is no originality in it, no great idea expressed by it. "And," as an English gentleman remarked, "compared with the simplicity which would befit our republican institutions, it appears somewhat overdone with ornamentation and gilding. But a visit to America may teach any man that the form and usage of a republic are no safeguard against enormity of ornament and imitated splendor."

In this chamber there is not a square foot of the walls or ceiling which is not embossed with some rich device; and the whole glistens with gold. The tall windows on either side, being filled with stained glass representing the ancient sovereigns of England and the worthies of her history, admit a flickering shadowy light, the dim religious light, quite as religious here as in many of the churches, which communicates to the whole a tone of solemn repose. This accords very well, as our friend remarks, with the habits of the Peers, whose eloquence is seldom very clear or stormy, and whose subdued utterance and punctilious courtesy contrast favorably with the *brusque* manner and loud personalities which characterize the debates in the popular branch of the legislature.

Our principal object in wishing to attend the House on this occasion was to hear the veteran champion of freedom, Lord Brougham, whose name happened to stand first on the orders of the day for presenting petitions on the subject of the slave trade. The practice of the House is, that all petitions shall be presented by a quarter past five, when the regular business of the evening commences, and as our friends were in their place at a quarter before five, they had ample time to observe the room, the scene, and its personages. Lord Brougham having placed those whom he introduced under the care of an officer of the House, sauntered about the gangways, exchanging observations with the few Peers who were present, and causing much amusement by the humor and causticity of his remarks. At last he spied a bevy of ladies outside the bar, and left his fellow peers to have a chat with them.

The liveliness of his manner and the vigor of his movements are really wonderful at his age. He is somewhat above the middle height, his dress is very plain, and his manner engaging and affable. Except a slight stoop, no one would discover any mark of extreme age about him. His eye is not dim, nor his natural fire abated, and it is impossible to converse with him for half an hour without feeling impressed with the force of those great faculties which, for more than half a century, have secured for this extraordinary man a chief place in the esteem of his countrymen, and the admiration and honor of all nations for his steadfast heroism in the cause of human liberty. We have in our possession a note from him, which we shall cherish as of value, especially for its manifestation of that characteristic, a ruling passion with him, even in old age.

At five o'clock the Peers began to drop in rather rapidly, and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Campbell), who has recently been transferred from the Chief Justiceship of the Queen's Bench, took his seat on the woolsack. Earl Granville, the President of the Council, and Lord Wodehouse, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stood close at the bar near our friends, and arose, engaged in an animated discussion with a gentleman outside the bar, when the business of the evening commenced. Lord Hatherton, a bluff, loud-voiced gentleman, who has been trained in the House of Commons, presented a petition on the subject of Church Rates; and Lord Derby, whose appearance is strikingly self-assured and aristocratic, presented another, having reference to the tenure of land in Ireland. They simply advanced to the table, which occupies the centre of the chamber; and, having mentioned the subjects of the petitions, handed them to the clerk for registration.

Lord Brougham now rose; and, at once, the silence of deep attention fell upon the House. The first petition he presented was from the Council of the Anti-Slavery Society, complaining of the bad faith of the Spanish government in reference to the slave trade. He was proceeding to make some general remarks, when the Lord Chancellor interrupted him, by begging that he would confine himself to the subject of the petition. Lord Brougham was not sorry for the opportunity of teaching his old antagonist a lesson. He bowed to his noble and learned friend on the woolsack, thanked him for his instructions, complimented him on the rapidity with which he had mastered the difficulties of his position as Lord Chancellor; but suggested that, since he (Lord Brougham) had sat upon the woolsack, as Chancellor, more years than Lord Campbell had months, it was barely possible that the experience of the latter did not exceed that of the former quite in the ratio of twelve to one. This delicate and masterly rebuff was listened to with keen enjoyment by the Lords on both sides the House, and was followed by peals of laughter, in which Lord Campbell himself good-naturedly joined.

Lord Granville led, during this little passage-at-arms, continued his discussion with the gentleman outside the bar, and Lord Brougham, having recommenced his speech, noticed that the Lord President was not in his place, as he ought to have been, having had notice of the petition. The orator came immediately to a dead stop, and looked round the House, and a dozen peers commenced calling out, Granville! Granville! in an impressive whisper. Earl Granville stepped back to his place on tip-toe, and might have sat there in peace, had it pleased his evil genius; but it was not so to be. Unwarned by the fate of Lord Campbell, which indeed he had not witnessed, the Earl undertook to interrupt the orator a second time, by telling him that the time for presenting petitions was gone by. Lord Brougham replied that he would have presented his petitions at the usual time if the President of the Council, to whom he had given notice, had been present. Lord Granville said he was present. Now this was true as regards the letter, but the noble Lord was certainly absent in spirit, and attending to wholly different matters. Lord Brougham took advantage of this, in a strain of admirable humor, which kept the House in a roar of laughter. He imagined all manner of out-of-the-way places in which the noble President could have hidden himself, or rendered his presence invisible. Under the benches, or the table? No! he was too bulky for such accommodation, narrow and straitened. Behind the woolsack? Very well; there might have been some natural ovine affinity between the contents of that remarkable cushion and the character of the noble Earl. It was for him to account for himself where he was; on his own proper bench he certainly was not. The laughter produced by this display of wit at Earl Granville's expense was hearty, and, indeed, Lord Granville himself evidently enjoyed the fun.

But Lord Brougham effectually suppressed, by one or two sallies of this nature, all desire to interrupt him, and proceeded to unfold the subject matter of his petitions. He showed how the Spanish government, having accepted compensation for pretended losses occasioned by the suppression of the slave trade, and having entered into a solemn treaty to abolish that inhuman traffic, had, in open violation of the treaty, and with dishonest forgetfulness of the compensation, continued the trade, and even increased it, so that the average number of slaves annually imported into Cuba is now nearly 40,000.

The other petition was from the ex-King of Bonny, who in former days ruled over an extensive slave district on the African coast, and with his chiefs derived from the sale of slaves a revenue of 90,000 (ninety thousand) pounds sterling. He, too, had entered into a treaty to abolish the horrible system, and had been guaranteed, by way of compensation, a sum of two thousand dollars a year! The treaty he had faithfully observed, but the compensation had never been paid. Both petitioners prayed for inquiry and justice.

There could hardly have been a more favorable opportunity of witnessing the display of Lord Brougham's oratorical powers. The cause of the enslaved has enlisted the championship of his marvellous genius for more than thirty years of the best and ripest portion of his long life. In behalf of this cause he has applied the resources of a vast knowledge, and the energies of his gigantic intellect. It is almost impossible to convey any adequate idea of the range and versatility of Lord Brougham's powers, even as displayed on this comparatively unimportant occasion, especially the withering sarcasm with which he contrasted the perfidy of Her Most Catholic Majesty's government with the probity of the poor demi-savage chief. He compared the eldest daughter of the Roman Catholic Church, violating all moral obligations, and dishonoring her most sacred pledges, with the single-minded truthfulness and fidelity of the heathen negro chief. Those who were present could have listened to the old man eloquent all night, but some were compelled to withdraw by the pressure of other affairs—rejoicing, however, in having this brief opportunity of seeing and hearing the greatest orator and scholar of the Old World.

He has lived through three quarters of a century of prodigious revolutions, but it now looks as if Europe were entering on a sea of commotions, from the approximating overthrow of the throne of the Pope and the hoped-for consolidation of Italy in one free kingdom, perhaps not to be paralleled even by the overturnings from 1800 to 1850. The fear of change perplexes nations as well as monarchs. Everybody speculates, everybody asks, What will Garibaldi do next? What is he doing to-day? What will the French Emperor do? Will he set once more the armed heel of France to crush out the effort and the hope of Italian unity and freedom? If he does, then in all probability the report of his assassination, which recently produced so much excitement wherever it was permitted to be known, will speedily pass into a reality. Whatever may be said of the prudence of Garibaldi in so positive and open an announcement of his determination to proclaim one kingdom from the top of the Quirinal, it is certain that that idea must be carried out, at least so far as the abolition of the Pope's authority and government are concerned, before freedom, unity and peace are possible. Meantime Southern Europe is a great checker-board, and God is moving the men, and will himself determine the game.

ITALY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Voices from the mountains speak,
Apennines to Alps reply;
Vale to vale and peak to peak
Toss an old remembered cry:
Italy
Shall be free;
Such the mighty shout that fills
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes
Quiver at that quickening word;
Como with a thrill awakes;
Garda to her depths is stirred;
Mid the steeps
Where he sleeps,
Dreaming of the elder years,
Startled Thrasymenus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,
Murmur freedom to their meads.
Tiber swift and Liris slow
Send strange whispers from their reeds.
Italy
Shall be free,
Sing the glittering brooks that slide
Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain;
Brutus perished long ago;
Yet the living roots remain
Whence the shoots of greatness grow.
Yet again,
God-like men,
Sprung from that heroic stem,
Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,
They who chase the mountain bear,
Or, where cliff and billow meet,
Prune the vine or pull the oar,
With a stroke
Break their yoke;
Slaves but yestereve were they—
Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,
While his own with gladness flash,
"Ne'er shall these," the father cries,
"Cringe, like hounds, beneath the lash.
These shall ne'er
Brook to wear
Chains that, thick with sordid rust,
Weigh the spirit to the dust."

Monarchs, ye whose armies stand
Harnessed for the battle-field!
Pause, and from the lifted hand
Drop the bolts of war ye wield.
Stand aloof
While the proof
Of the people's might is given;
Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed
Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,
As the fresh winds of the west
Blow the misty valleys clear.
Stand and see
Italy
Cast the gyves she wears no more
To the gulfs that steep her shore.

At Moscow, Russia, lately, the occupants of a house in the Great West street were awakened by the glare and crackling of a fire, and on getting up, found that a large pile of fuel, consisting of logs of fir-trees, which had been collected in the court-yard, was in flames. The conflagration was extinguished as quickly as possible. On examining the remains of the fire, the calcined bones of a female were found, and it turned out that a widow named Theleska T——, about forty years of age, who lived in the house, had disappeared. Nothing could be heard of this woman, and as she had repeatedly declared that in these times the sacrifice of human victims is necessary to appease the wrath of God against sinners, the conclusion was come to that she had lighted up the fire, and placed herself in the midst of it to be consumed! In the Russian Empire, Moscow journals state, self-cremation, from motives of religious fanaticism, is not rare. In the province of Olonez, for example, in the course of last spring, not fewer than fifteen persons, men and women, burned themselves to death, in the belief that they were performing an act pleasing to God.

Destruction of a Chalk Cliff.—Preparations have been completed for the destruction of an immense chalk cliff a short distance from Chatham, England. The cliff is estimated to contain from 20,000 to 30,000 tons of chalk, and the quantity of gunpowder to be used in the operation weighs in the aggregate 1900 pounds, distributed in charges of from 400 pounds to 500 pounds. The sappers and miners have bored two immense shafts into the summit of the cliff, and these have been carried down to a considerable depth into the solid chalk. From the base of the shafts longitudinal galleries have been driven in to the cliff in various directions to receive the charges of gunpowder to be used in the undertaking, and, as the several barrels of gunpowder will all be exploded by means of electricity, the charges will, of course, be fired simultaneously. The battery for transmitting the voltaic current to the charges will be stationed upwards of half a mile from the shafts.

Advertisements.

ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS.—The following Tracts may be had at the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository, Fitchburg, Mass., and also at the Methodist Bookstore, No. 5 Cornhill, Boston.

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7. A Word in Defense of the "Weed," and Fires by Pipes and Cigars.
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These Tracts should be spread through our families and schools, and in millions over the land. With the blessing of God they would do immeasurable good. How can a few dollars and a little labor be better expended?

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Office, 505 Broadway, New York.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

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